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COMPILATION

AN EIGHTEENTH CENTURY
ANTHOLOGY

Alexander Pope



ALEXANDER POPE

From a portrait in the Bruckmann Collection

THE COTTER'S

Their masters an' their m'stress's com-
mand,
The youngers a' are warn'd to obey,
"An' mind their labours wi' an eydent
hand,
An' ne'er, tho' out o' sight to jink or
play
An' O! be sure to fear the Lord alway!
An' mind your duty dely, morn an'
night!
Lest in temptation's path ye gang
astray,
Implore his counsel and assisting
might.
They never sought in vain that sought
the Lord aright!"

But hark! a rap comes gently to the
door,
Jenny, wha kens the meaning o' the
same,
Tells how a neebor lad cam o'er the
moor,
To do some errands, and convoy her
hame
The wily mother sees the conscious
flame
Sparkle in Jenny's ee, and flash her
check.

AN EIGHTEENTH
CENTURY
ANTHOLOGY

WITH AN INTRODUCTION
BY
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THE COTTER'S

I've paced much this weary, mortal
round,

And sage experience bids me this de-
clare—

“If Heaven a draught of heavenly pleas-
ure spare,

One cordial in this melancholy vale,

'Tis when a youthful, loving, modest
pair,

In other's arms breathe out the tender
tale,

Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents
the ev'ning gale”

Is there, in human form, that bears a
heart—

A wretch! a villain! lost to love and
truth,

That can, with studied, sly, ensnaring art,

Betray sweet Jenny's unsuspecting
youth?

Curse on his perjur'd arts! dissembling
smooth,

Are honour, virtue, conscience, all
exil'd?

Is there no pity, no relenting ruth,

Points to the parents fondling o'er
their child?

Then paints the ruin'd maid, and their
distraction wild!

THE COTTER'S

They chant their artless notes in simple
guise,
They tune their hearts, by far the noblest aim,
Perhaps *Dundee's* wild warbling measures rise,
Or plaintive *Martyns*, worthy of the name,
Or noble *Elgin* beets the heav'nward flame,
The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays
Compar'd with these, Italian trills are tame,
The tickl'd ears no heart-felt rapture raise,
Nae unison hae they with our Creator's praise

The priest-like father reads the sacred page,
How Abram was the friend of God on high,
Or, Moses bade eternal warfare wage
With Amalek's ungracious progeny,
Or how the royal bard did groaning lie
Beneath the stroke of Heaven's avenging ire,
Or, Job's pathetic plaint, and wailing cry,
Or rapt Isaiah's wild, seraphic fire,
Or other holy seers that tune the sacred lyre

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mantic time. For convenience therefore there are included no poems and no selections from poems in this volume that were not published between A D 1700 and A D 1800 though to speak frankly that de-frauds the eighteenth century of some of the literary laurels that of right belong to it.

The most cursory survey of the past suggests the conclusion that some centuries have been more self confident more self complacent than others and that while some have been modest diffident distrustful and even depressed concerning themselves some have manifested striking self satisfaction and an arrogant attitude towards their predecessors. One is disposed to think the nineteenth century the most conspicuous offender in these respects and there are indications that its habit of self glorification combined with depreciation of more remote epochs may be continued in the new century on which we have lately entered. An absolutely judicial comparison among them would probably end by leading us to conclude that none are marked by any real superiority over the rest but that some exhibit more activity in directions and departments of human energy for which we happen to feel special sympathy and admiration. Like individual critics an age which

A Storm on the East Coast

(FROM THE BOROUGH,
LETTER I)

View now the Winter storm! above, one
cloud,
Black and unbroken, all the skies o'er-
shroud
Th' unwieldy porpoise through the day
before
Had roll'd in view of boding men on
shore,
And sometimes hid and sometimes show'd
his form,
Dark as the cloud and furious as the
storm
All where the eye delights yet dreads to
roam,
The breaking billows cast the flying foam
Upon the billows rising—all the deep
Is restless change, the waves so swell'd
and steep,
Breaking and sinking, and the sunken
swells,

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sits in self-appointed judgment on its predecessors, if it does nothing more, criticises itself, and affords us a criterion by which to estimate it in turn. Goethe used to say that you may generally surmise a man's character by observing what he ridicules. It would, I think, be at least equally safe to classify him by what he admires or depreciates. The point is not an unimportant one, for when its full significance is well grasped, one is protected against ill-balanced and incomplete comparisons. Not ordinary persons alone, but highly reputed historians as well, are in the habit of speaking of the Middle Ages as dark, and the Renaissance which succeeded it as a period when the mind was stirred from sloth and liberated from fetters. It is not easy for individual minds, and it is still more difficult for collective minds, to liberate themselves from the fetters of conventional speech, or it would probably occur to many who are at present unconscious of the fact that the real difference between the intellectual condition of the Middle Ages and the intellectual attitude of the Renaissance, is not that the first did not think at all, and that the second thought freely, actively, and expansively, but that one thought in a different way from the other, and that in these days we

An Entanglement

(COM T LES O
THE H LL)

(The following is an extract from one of the *Tales of the Hall* entitled *Delay has Danger*. A young man, who is happily engaged to be married, finds himself during a visit in a friend's house, partly through his own weakness, and folly, partly through the cunning designs of others, compromised in his relations with a girl of inferior station and insignificant attractions. The dialogue that ensues between the unwilling lover and the girl's adopted parents, who are upper servants in his host's house, and who having brought about the entanglement, now affect to encourage the lover in his timid advances.)

An orphan maid—your patience! you
shall have
Your time to speak. I now attention
crave—
Fanny dear girl! has in my spouse and
me
Friends of a kind we wish our friends to
be
None of the poorest—nay, sir, no reply
You shall not need—and we are born to
die

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much prefer the later to the earlier way since it is more akin to our own

I scarcely think it is an exaggeration to say that in satisfaction with itself and in depreciation of other periods no century has equalled the nineteenth century and much if not most of its self flattering comparison has been devoted to its immediate forerunner the eighteenth with which it is my task here to deal. Looked at from a suitable distance and in its broad aspect the eighteenth century strikes one as dominated by Reason if by Reason be meant the reasoning faculty or habit. But if people reason rationally they must have something to reason about and something to reason about the substance and elements of which are more or less accurately known. The eighteenth century was interested in and occupied itself mainly concerning Social Man and this disposition was naturally shown in its literature its poetry included. Had its poets reasoned about Man thus defined in the same way exactly as they did about him in prose and only put their reasoning into verse they would not have produced poetry at all. Wordsworth's definition of poetry as Reason in her most exalted mood and Matthew Arnold's phrase Reason touched by

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Emotion", come opportunely here to the purpose of our investigation. None but those rendered inaccessible to evidence by an exaggerated and exclusive worship of romantic emotion would dream of denying that the poetry of the eighteenth century, which was animated and suffused by reason, was in some degree touched by emotion, though it would be a quite defensible position to argue that it is not touched by emotion sufficiently. Examples furnish the best means of submitting such aspersions to an adequate touchstone, and, with this object in view, I will cite a few familiar passages that will serve as a sufficient test. After enumerating, in *The Traveller*, the various foreign lands he had visited, Goldsmith thus goes on, in what seems to me a sustained tone of exquisite pathos, thus to express himself —

"Where'er I roam, whatever Realms I see,
My heart, untravell'd, fondly turns to thee,
Still to my brother turns with ceaseless pain,
And drags, at each remove, a lengthening
chain

But me, not destined such delights to share,
My prime of life in wandering spent and
care,

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Impelled with steps unceasing to pursue
Some fleeting good that mocks me with the
view

That like the circle bounding earth and
skies

Allured from far yet as I follow flies
My fortune leads to traverse realms alone
And finds no spot of all the world my own

Let school-taught pride assemble all it can
These little things are great to little man
And woe to he whose sympathetic mind
Exults in all the good of all mankind

Yet oft a sigh prevails and sorrows fall
To see the hoard of human bliss so small
And oft I yearn amid these scenes to find
Some spot to real happiness consigned
Where my worn soul each wandering hope at
rest

May gather bliss to see my fellows blest

The same deep feeling and the like presence of pathetic expression are to be seen not only in passages of *The Deserted Village* but throughout the whole poem which as a boy 'one knew by heart' and most of which lingers in one's memory still

In all my wanderings round this world of
care

In all my griefs and God has given my share

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I still had hopes my latest hour to crown,
Amid these humble bowers to lay me down,
To husband out life's taper at the close,
And keep the flame from wasting by repose

And, as a hare whom horn and hounds pursue,
Pants to the place from which at first it drew,
I still had hopes, my long vexations past,
Here to return, and die at home at last
O blest retirement, friend to life's decline,
Retreat from cares that never can be mine,
How blest is he who crowns, in shades like
these,
A youth of labour with an age of ease

Sinks to the grave with unperceived decay,
While resignation gently slopes the way,
And, all his prospects brightening to the
last,
His Heaven commences ere the world be
past '

In all these passages the notes both of human nature and of humanity are clearly and distinctly struck. What really happens in this world, and happens to all more or less, is their subject-matter, and they are handled with deep imaginative and emotional sympathy, and with perfect mastery over verse and music. If these are not the

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natural and enduring elements of poetry one knows not where to find them. There is no straining after effect, no posturing, no literary affectation, but every line is prompted by what in another line is called the luxury of doing good. Throughout them we hear the tenderly breathed sub-consciousness of the silent sorrow at the heart of things. But this prompts to no rebellion against the universal dispensation, nor to violent and spasmodic ejaculations. The feeling and emotion expressed are not sudden and passing, but profound and lasting, and compassion is manifested with pious moderation for the sufferings of men and women generally, not for individual natures supposed to be exceptional, of whom we have heard too much in poetry of an epoch nearer to our own. Yet that Goldsmith could rise to a wide conception and just generalization concerning the world's affairs in general and express that sentiment in elevated, adequate and I should say prophetic language the following passage from *The Deserted Village* amply testifies —

O luxury! thou curst by Heaven's decree
How ill exchanged art things like these for
thee!

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How do thy potions, with insidious joy,
Diffuse their pleasures only to destroy !
Kingdoms, by thee to sickly greatness
 grown,
Boast of a florid vigour not their own,
At every draught more large and large they
 grow,
A bloated mass of rank unwieldy woe,
Till, sapped their strength, and every part
 unsound,
Down, down they sink, and spread their ruin
 round '

The antithesis, however, on which the literary criticism of the nineteenth century has so frequently and all but universally expatiated, between its poetry and the poetry of the eighteenth century, would perhaps be found to turn mainly on the estimate as a poet of Alexander Pope. For Matthew Arnold I share the warm admiration of most men of letters, and the personal liking he inspired in those who knew him, and that he was a sane and searching critic of poetry few, if any, would deny. But I have always felt it was in a moment of excessive and inadvertent amiability towards writers of his acquaintance, and what is vaguely called the "spirit of the time", that he, incidentally made the observation that the poetry of Pope perhaps be-

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longed rather to our prose than to our poetic literature. I can conceive no exception to the prejudice of others in it an unfortunate or more unfortunate yet were he among us to-day I should not hesitate to ask him how he could allow himself to be entrapped in it for I am sure he could not possibly have escaped through it. One can see the smile of disappointment and exculpation that would have come on his face and the frank confession of critical aberration to which he would have manifestly confessed. I can answer for it that no such opinion was for a moment entertained by Tennyson with whom in his garden at Aldworth I once had an interesting talk respecting *Lope* full with our common Milton. He spoke with the most prompt admiration of *Lope* and when I asked him if he did not think that if the lines in the *Lope* *quintessence* were

Yes I am proud I must be great to see
Men not afraid of God afraid of me

would not have been quoted as an example of the sublime had they figured in a famous tragedy he readily and cordially assented and Tennyson will surely be accepted as one of the foremost poets of the

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Romantic movement, though in reality rarely ceasing, though I must not linger on that point here, to be classical in expression. Matthew Arnold, to revert to him for a moment, wisely counselled his readers to think, in respect of sanctity, with the saints, and, in regard to poetry, with the poets, and Byron never desisted from proclaiming his enthusiastic admiration for Pope as a poet. "I will show more *imagery*", he writes, "in twenty lines of Pope than in any equal length of quotation in English poesy", and he proceeds to justify the assertion by quoting and analysing the passage on Lord Hervey, in the character of *Sporus*. Referring to Pope's *Eloisa to Abelard*, which has been so much belittled by recent critics, I suspect because Pope was describing the feelings of other people, and not his own, he writes "Such a subject never was, nor ever could be, treated with more delicacy, mingled, at the same time, with such true and intense passion", and I suppose Byron knew something about true and intense passion. "All that it had of passionate", he continues, "Pope has beautified, all that it had of holy he has hallowed." In another passage, evidently dictated by enthusiastic emotion, Byron writes "Nei-

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ther time nor distance nor grief nor age
can ever diminish my reverence for him who
is the great moral poet of all times of all
climes of all feelings and of all stages of
existence. The delight of my boyhood the
study of my manhood perhaps (if allowed
me to attain it) he may be the consolation
of my age His poetry is the Book of Life
Without canting and yet without neglect
ing religion he has collected all that a good
and great man can gather together of moral
wisdom clothed in consummate beauty

Great though be the authority of Byron
on such a subject once more let me betake
myself to the only conclusive test that of
quotation from Pope's poetry in support
of the contention that he has written page
after page of reason touched by emotion
in adequate poetic form

Lo the poor Indian! whose untutor'd mind
Sees God in clouds or hears Him in the
wind

His soul proud science never taught to stray
Far as the solar walk or milky way
Yet simple nature to his hope has given
Behind the cloud topped hill an humbler
heaven

Some safer world in depth of wood em
braced

Some happier island in the watery waste,

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Where 'slaves once more their native land
 ' behold,

No fiends torment, no Christians thirst for
 gold

To be, contents his natural desire,

He asks no angel's wing, no seraph's fire,

But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,

His faithful dog shall bear him company

Go, wiser thou' and, in thy scale of sense

Weigh thy opinion against Providence,

Call imperfection what thou fanciest such,

Say, here he gives too little, there too much

Destroy all creatures for thy sport or gust,

Yet cry, if Man's unhappy, God's unjust,

If Man alone engross not Heaven's high
 care,

' Alone made perfect here, immortal there

Snatch from his hand the balance and the rod,

' Rejudge his justice, be the God of God '

Pantheism has been, in a vague sort of way, much in fashion, both in verse and conversation, during the last fifty years. Its advocates might turn, if they would, to Pope's eighteenth-century exposition of that creed

" All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body Nature is, and God the soul,
That, changed through all, and yet in all the
 same,

Great in the earth, as in the ethereal frame,

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Warms in the sun refreshes in the breeze
Glow in the stars and blossoms in the trees
Lives through all life extends through all
extent

Spreads undivided operates unspent
Breathes in our soul informs our mortal
part

As full as perfect in a hair as heart
As full as perfect in vile Man that mourns
As the rapt Seaph that adores and burns
To Him no high no low no great no small
He fills He bounds connects and equals all

I would recommend my readers to turn
to the first thirty lines of Epistle II in the
same poem. But the closing passage of
the entire poem must not be omitted here
its evidence is so valuable

Come then my friend! my genius! come
along

O master of the poet and the song!
And while the muse now stoops or now
ascends

To man's low passions or their glorious
ends

Teach me like thee in various nature wise
To fall with dignity with temper rise
Form'd by thy converse happily to steer
From grave to gay from lovely to severe
Correct with spirit eloquent with ease
Intent to reason or polite to please

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Oh! while along the stream of time thy name
Expanded flies, and gathers all its fame,
Say shall my little bark attendant sail,
Pursue the triumph, and partake the gale?
When statesmen, heroes, kings, in dust
repose,
Whose sons shall blush their fathers were
thy foes,
Shall then this verse to future age pretend
Thou wert my guide, philosopher, and friend
That, urged by thee, I turned the tuneful art
From sounds to things, from fancy to the
heart,
For wit's false mirror, held up Nature's light,
Shew'd erring pride, Whatever is is right;
That Reason, Passion, answer one great aim,
That true Self-Love and Social are the same,
That Virtue only makes our bliss below,
And all our knowledges, Ourselves to know

In estimating the relative position of a poet, and the relative value of his poetry, we should not forget its volume, if excellent on the whole, but, still more, its variety. This is a point of which recent criticism and popular taste have lost sight almost entirely. If Shakespeare had written nothing but *Hamlet*, he would still have to be regarded as the poet possessing the largest amount of the highest poetic genius. But that he should have written likewise *Romeo*

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and *Juliet* and *A Winter's Tale* necessarily increases enormously our estimate of his powers. In thinking of Pope we must if we are to weigh him in just scales think of him not merely as the author of this or that work of his but as the author of the *Satires* and *The Rape of the Lock* and *Moral Essays* and the *Essay on Man* and *The Dunciad* and *Eloisa to Abelard* to say nothing of his translation of the *Iliad*. It is the immense amount of poetic ground he covers that should not be overlooked. *Hamlet* and *Romeo and Juliet* are not more unlike each other in subject and treatment than are the *Essay on Man* and *The Rape of the Lock*. De Quincey, a literary critic of rare taste and penetration and one any thing but prepossessed in favour of Pope writes of *The Rape of the Lock* as "the most exquisite monument of playful fancy that universal literature offers." Hazlitt affirmed it to be the most excellent specimen of poetic filigree work ever invented to be made of gauze and sprangles and every thing glittering. A toilet, he continues, is described with the solemnity of an altar raised to the Goddess of Vanity and the history of a silver bodkin is given with all the pomp of heraldry. No pains are spared, no profusion of ornament, no splendour of

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poetic diction, to set off the meanest things " He concludes by asserting that the poem is the perfection of the mock-heroic. Even a more recent critic, an eminent university professor of our own time, allows that it is so exquisite in its peculiar style of art as to make the task of searching for faults almost hopeless, and that of commending beauties simply impertinent, and Byron has told us that if we are in search of invention, imagination, and character, we had better look for them in this poem, which had no predecessor, and has had no happy successor in the language.

I have purposely cited the opinions of writers nearer to our own time, and who might not unreasonably be surmised to have some bias in favour of the modern Romantic School. But there were critics before the second half of the nineteenth century, and their estimate of *The Rape of the Lock* must not be omitted from consideration. Warton's is still a commanding name in literary criticism, and, amongst other eulogiums by him on *The Rape of the Lock*, he recalls that some of the most candid among French critics had begun 'to acknowledge that their language possesses no poem in point of sublimity and majesty equal to *Paradise Lost*, and there-

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upon adds that it may with like truth be affirmed that in point of delicacy elegance and fine turned railery in which the French might be expected to excel over every other people they have nothing to show equal to *The Rape of the Lock* Johnson was of opinion that if *The Rape of the Lock* should not be called original, nothing original can ever be written and that in it new things are made familiar and familiar things are made new. Finally Johnson justly remarked that the subtle delicacies of humour satire language and invention which mingle largely with the more obvious beauties of *The Rape of the Lock* can be perceived only when the taste has been quickened by the early culture of letters. This observation is peculiarly applicable to the taste of to-day which has for the most part not been quickened by the early culture of letters in the sense which is the just sense of the phrase employed by Johnson. Just as no one quite *understands* the English language who has not a moderately familiar acquaintance with Latin since the one so largely underlies the other so no one can be a correct judge of the poetry of any one period or any one nation, unless he have a fairly good acquaintance with the poetry

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of other periods, and with the literature of other communities, and of the vast majority of English readers of to-day, even of those who are commonly spoken of as educated, assuredly that could not be truthfully affirmed. Of equal pertinence is Byron's incidental observation, that the beauty of Pope's versification has withdrawn attention from his other excellencies, since the vulgar eye will rest more on the splendour and perfect fit of the uniform than on the quality of the troops, that, because his versification is perfect, it is widely assumed that it is only perfect and nothing more, that, because his truths are so clearly put, he has no invention, and, because he is always intelligible, it is taken for granted that he has no genius. Furthermore, he points out, we are sneeringly told that he is "The Poet of Reason", adding "as if this was a reason for his being no poet!" Perhaps I ought to say that I should not have cited all the foregoing critical testimony in favour of a just estimate of Pope as a poet, if I did not, on the whole, agree with it.

It may, perhaps, seem that I have lingered 'somewhat long on' the writings and various estimates of Pope, and have devoted to 'these too much of the space

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at my disposal But without saying that in the sphere of poetry Pope is the eighteenth century indeed far from saving it since to do so would be to commit the error I have indicated of taking the half for the whole and overlooking the important point of variety nevertheless in the thoughts of most people of to-day Pope stand out and rightly stands out as the leading type and chief representative of the poetry of that period and so his works occupy a greater number of pages in this volume than those of any other writer But the poems of the eighteenth century can without losing in any respect their distinctive character include poetry which no competent reader would for a moment imagine to be by Pope His works are not only social in the largest and most comprehensive sense of the word but likewise in the narrower sense that their themes are for the most part suggested by society of a refined and highly educated kind He discourses but little and only indirectly and inferentially of the poor and humble That was left to Goldsmith and Crabbe and if in a less degree to Cowper The element of pathos so important and effective a one in poetry was never sustained at greater length than in *The Deserted*

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Village, and the pathos arises from true sympathy with the simple and the lowly. It likewise prompted and underlies most of *The Traveller*. In these poems we have not to do with what Gray calls

"Fears of the brave, and follies of the wise",

but the needs, hopes, emotions, of the modestly circumstanced, with every round of the clock. Goldsmith was not, like Pope, the intimate companion of the comfortably erudite, of scholarly and ambitious church dignitaries, and of the titled dilettanti of the day, nor could he have said, as Pope did, with almost pardonable arrogance

" I condescend
Sometimes to call a Minister my friend".

On the contrary, his birth, education, and experience were amongst the more unpretentious but, perhaps, more tender spheres of life, and he might indeed have applied to himself the line from Virgil

Haud ignara mali, miscuis succurrere disco

Everyone knows Gray's quatrain,

"To each his sufferings, all are 'men,
Condemned alike to groan,
The feeling, for another's pain,
'The unfeeling, for his own"

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Goldsmith sorrowed for both. But neither individual nor general suffering ever wrung from him or from any eighteenth century poet those vociferations of rebellion and those sighs of pessimism that are only too prominent in the writers of verse in more modern times alike in England in France and in Italy. In his own wise pious language "resignation gently sloped the way" for him as for all his contemporaries. No such note was struck by any of them as sounds in the verse of Leopardi in *Queen Mab* *The Revolt of Islam* and other poems of Shelley and in a host of French writers of verse in later times a note of insurrectionary bitterness against the general dispensation. The same humble resignation to and reconciliation with life as it is is uppermost again in the most celebrated of Gray's poems *The Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard* which would never have been written perhaps by Pope but which we owe to one even more cultured who could boast an equal number of eminent friends and was equally sheltered against what he pertinently calls
chill penury. *The Elegy* is perhaps not one of the greatest poems in the language but it is perhaps the one best known and therefore the most appreciated. It touches

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the poets who have used the heroic couplet I owe myself not excepted and though the style of the two poets is as different as their genius he is the best writer in verse of easy dialogue. How close how deep was his understanding of the poor the following passage from *The Village* eloquently betrays —

Nor you ye poor of letter'd scorn complain
To you the smoothest thing is smooth in vain;
Overcome thy labour and bow'd down thy time
Feel you the barren flattery of a rhyme?
Can poets soothe you when you pine for bread
By winding myrtles round your ruin'd shed?
Can they right tales your eighty griefs o'er
power
Or glad with airy mirth the toilsome hour
Lo! where the heath with withering brake
grown o'er
Lend the light turf that warms the neighbouring poor
From thence a light of burning sand appears,
Where the thin larrest waves its wither'd ears;
I ask winds that every art and care defy
Reign o'er the land and roll the lighted eye
Their thro' stretch their prickly arms afar
And to the ragged infant threaten war
There poppies nodding mock the hope of to-day
There the blue bugle parts the sterile soil;
Herd and high above the slender sheaf
The amaranth waves her sickly leaf

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O'er the young shoot the charlock throws a
shade,
And clasping tares cling round the sickly
blade,
With mingled tints the rocky coasts abound,
And a sad splendour vainly shines around "

In order to show, by yet further examples, that the poetry of the eighteenth century is as various as it is voluminous, let us retrace our steps a few years, and recall the best-known of the poems by Collins, the *Ode to Evening*, and the *Ode to the Passions*. It may be doubted if any poem written in the nineteenth century offers a representation at once more true and more imaginative of external nature, than the *Ode to Evening*, and it is in this respect that nineteenth-century poets have repeatedly been said, and are generally believed, to show so great a superiority over those of the eighteenth. Indeed, some have gone so far as to assert that the superiority is one, not of degree, but of kind, since the kind is not to be found in the eighteenth century at all. It is quite impossible to maintain any such contention after reading the thirteen stanzas that compose the *Ode to Evening*. All the stanzas are equally striking and perfect, so I select

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two for passing quotation here as the phrase is at random

But when chill blustering wind or driving
rain

Forb'd my willing feet to mine the hut
That from the mountains' side
Views wilds and swelling floods

And hamlets brown and dim-discovered
spires

And hears their muffled bell and marks o'er
all

Thy dewy fingers draw
The gradual silky veil

This eighteenth century *Ode to Evening*
is to say no more the equal of Shelley's
nineteenth-century *Ode to the West Wind*

It is generally assumed with an utter
disregard of date that Burns Words-
worth and Coleridge are nineteenth cen-
tury poets the second of the three wholly
so Yet Burns was born in 1759 only nine
years after the middle of the eighteenth
century and died four years before it closed
Wordsworth was born in 1770 and pub-
lished *Lyrical Ballads* in which are some
of his best lyrics in 1798 and in the same
volume appeared the *Ancient Mariner* and
no one who bears in mind what has been
said of *The Rake of the Lock* and Collins

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Ode to Evening would be disposed to contravene the statement that the *Arcuent Mariner*, and some of Wordsworth's most romantic descriptions of external nature, have as much kinship with them as with any poems indisputably belonging to the nineteenth century. The moment Burns writes in the English tongue proper, as distinguished from the Lower Scottish dialect, one perceives at once that he is writing under the influence of his eighteenth-century predecessors. But not sufficient note has been taken of the circumstance that, even in his poems written in the Scottish dialect, Burns had a predecessor in Robert Fergusson, who was born in 1750 and died in 1774, and whom, in that section of his poems to which he mainly, and justly, owes his fame, Burns much resembles. By whom are the following stanzas written? By Burns, or by Fergusson?

“Auld Reekie! thou’rt the canty hole,
A bield for mony a caldrife soul,
Wha snugly at thine ingle loll,
Baith warm and couth,
While round they gar the bicker roll,
To weet their mouth

“Let mirth abound, let social cheer
Invest the dawning of the year,

INTRODUCTION

Let likes me innocence appear
 To crown our joy
 Nor envy a sarcastic sneer
 Our bliss de troi

And thou great God of aqua vitæ
 Wha swais the Empire of this city—
 When fou we re somet mes capernoity—
 Be thou prepared
 To hedge u fene that black banditi
 The City Guard!

Let dispassionate readers peruse the above which might be multiplied by quotations that would cover pages or the *Ole to the Cowdspark*—*Inglid goldlunch*—beginning

Irae felds where Spring her sweets has
 blawn
 Wi caller verdure oer the lawn
 The gowd pink comes in new attire
 The bravest mang the whistling choir
 That ere the sun can el ar his een
 Wi gl b notes aim the summer green

and they will I think inevitably feel that had I cry wesson and Burns been born south of the Border English critics would have asseverated that the latter was an imitator and plagiarist of the former. But no one would have the courage I imagine to make such a suggestion in face of the storm

INTRODUCTION

of angry and perfectly equitable protest that would burst from the whole Scottish race in defence of its national poet.

Much might be said here of Cowper, who, born in 1731, died in the last year of the eighteenth century, much, whether as a descriptive poet, a skilled and severe, but wholly serious, moral, and humane satirist, one imbued with the genuinely tender and philanthropic spirit often supposed to be the outcome of a later time, and as a supreme master of the heroic couplet, the most frequent form of expression with eighteenth-century poets; and there are minor eighteenth-century poets, such as Beattie, Thompson, Young, and Akenside, of whom nothing has been said whatever. For my object will have been attained if, after reading this essay, and re-reading the poems included in this volume, people perceive, or are recalled to the perception, that, should Shakespeare be left out of account, in respect of whom none is *aut par aut secundus*, the eighteenth century produced a body of poetry that may successfully stand comparison with that of any other period of English Literature. The Age of Reason that century may have been, and its poetry may in that respect display the dominant

INTRODUCTION

tendency of the time But it is the poetry of Reason touched by emotion rebounding in subject matter and criticism of life It is not Reason in her most exalted mood For that we must turn to Shakespeare But neither is it exaltation untouch'd by and devoid of reason or subject as is so much later poetry that has been excessively extolled at its expense This is not the place nor this the occasion to state the principles and the canons that underlie all the greater poetry of whatever period it may be But this short essay has been written in harmony with those principles and those canons as I understand them

ALFRED AUSTIN

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An Essay
on Man



EPISTLE I

*Argument of the Nature and State of Man
with respect to the Universe*

Of *Man* in the Abstract —I That we can judge only with regard to our *own system* being ignorant of the *relations* of systems and things II That Man is not to be deemed *imperfect* but a being suited to his *place* and *rank* in the creation agreeable to the *general Order* of things and conformable to *Ends* and *Relations* to him unknown III That it is partly upon his *ignorance* of *future* events and partly upon the *hope* of a *future* state that all his happiness in the present depend IV The *pride* of aiming at more knowledge and pretending to more Perfection the cause of Man's error and misery The *impiety* of putting himself in the place of *God* and judging of the fitness or unfitness perfection or imperfect on justice or injustice of his dispensations V The *absurdity* of conceiving himself the *final* cause of the creation or expecting that per

AN ESSAY ON MAN

fection in the *moral* world, which is not in the *natural* VI The *unreasonableness* of his complaints against *Providence*, while on the one hand he demands the Perfections of the Angels, and on the other the bodily qualifications of the Brutes, though, to possess any of the *sensitive faculties* in a higher degree, would render him miserable VII That throughout the whole visible world, an universal *order* and *gradation* in the sensual and mental faculties is observed, which causes a *subordination* of creature to creature, and of all creatures to Man The gradations of *sense*, *instinct*, *thought*, *reflection*, *reason*, that Reason alone countervails all the other faculties VIII How much farther this *order* and *subordination* of living creatures may extend, above and below us, were any part of which broken, not that part only, but the whole connected *creation* must be destroyed IX The *extravagance*, *madness*, and *pride*, of such a desire X The consequence of all, the *absolute submission* due to Providence, both as to our *present* and *future state*

Awake, my ST JOHN! leave all meaner things

To low ambition, and the pride of Kings
Let us (since Life can little more supply,
Than just to look about us and to die)
Expatriate free o'er all this scene of Man,

AN ESSAY ON MAN

A mighty maze! but not without a plan
A Wild where weeds and flow'rs promiscuous shoot
Or Garden tempting with forbidden fruit
Together let us beat this ample field
Try what the open what the covert yield
The latent tracts the giddy heights explore
Of all who blindly creep or sightless soar
Eye Nature's walks shoot Folly as it flies
And catch the Manners living as they rise
Laugh where we must be candid where we can
But vindicate the ways of God to Man

I

Say first of God above or Man below
What can we reason but from what we know?
Of Man what see we but his station here
From which to reason or to which refer?
Thro' worlds unnumber'd tho' the God be known
'Tis ours to trace him only in our own
He who thro' vast immensity can pierce
See worlds on worlds compose one universe
Observe how system into system runs
What other Planets circle other suns /

AN ESSAY ON MAN

What vary'd Being peoples ev'ry star,
May tell why Heav'n has made us as we
are

But of this frame the bearings, and the
ties,

The strong connections, nice dependencies,
Gradations just, has thy pervading soul
Look'd thro' ? or can a part contain the
whole ?

Is the great chain, that draws all to
agree,
And drawn supports, upheld by God, or
thee ?

II

Presumptuous Man ! the reason wouldst
thou find,

Why form'd so weak, so little, and so
blind ?

First, if thou canst, the harder reason
guess,

Why form'd no weaker, blinder, and no
less ?

Ask of thy mother earth, why oaks are
made

Taller or stronger than the weeds they
shade ?

Or ask of yonder argent fields above,
Why Jove's Satellites are less than Jove ?
Of Systems possible, if 'tis confess'd

IV ESSAY ON MAN

That Wisdom infinite must form the best
Where all must full or not coherent be
And all that rises rise in due degree
Then in the scale of reasoning life 'tis
plain

There must be somewhere such a rank
as Man

And all the question (wrangle e'er so
long)

Is only this if God has plac'd him
wrong?

Respecting Man whatever wrong we
call

May must be right as relative to all

In human works tho labour'd on with
pain

A thousand movements scarce one pur-
pose gain

In God's one single can its end produce

Yet serves to second too some other use

So Man who here seems principal alone

Perhaps acts second to some sphere un-
known

Touches some wheel or verges to some
goal

'Tis but a part we see and not a whole

When the proud steed shall know why
man restrains

His fiery course or drives him o'er the
plains

AN ESSAY ON MAN

When the dull Ox, why now he breaks
the clod,
Is now a victim, and now Egypt's God
Then shall Man's pride and dulness com-
prehend
His actions', passions', being's, use and
end,
Why doing, suff'ring, check'd, impell'd,
and why
This hour a slave, the next a deity
Then say not Man's imperfect, Heav'n
in fault,
Say rather, Man's as perfect as he ought
His knowledge measur'd to his state and
place,
His time a moment, and a point his space
If to be perfect in a certain sphere,
What matter, soon or late, or here or
there?
The blest to-day is as completely so,
As who began a thousand' years ago

III

Heav'n from all creatures hides the
book of Fate,
All but the page prescrib'd, their present
state
From brutes what men, from men what
spirits know

AN ESSAY ON MAN

Or who could suffer Being here below ?
The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to day
Had he thy Reason would he skip and
 play?
Pleas'd to the last he crops the flow'ry
 food
And licks the hand just rais'd to shed his
 blood
Oh blindness to the future! kindly given
That each may fill the circle mark'd by
 Heav'n
Who sees with equal eye as God of all
A hero perish or a sparrow fall
Atoms or systems into ruin hurl'd
And now a bubble burst and now a
 world
 Hope humbly then with trembling
 pinions soar
Wait the great teacher Death and God
 adore
What future bliss he gives not thee to
 know
But gives that Hope to be thy blessing
 now
Hope springs eternal in the human breast
Man never Is but always To be blest
The soul uneasy and confin'd from home
Rests and expatiates in a life to come
 Lo the poor Indian! whose untutor'd
 mind

AN ESSAY ON MAN

Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the
wind,
His soul, proud Science never taught to
stray
Far as the solar walk, or milky way,
Yet simple Nature to his hope has giv'n,
Behind the cloud-topt hill, an humbler
heav'n,
Some safer world in depth of woods em-
brac'd,
Some happier island in the wat'ry waste,
Where slaves once more their native land
behold,
No fiends torment, no Christians thirst
for gold
To Be, contents his natural desire,
He asks no Angel's wing, no Seraph's fire,
But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
His faithful dog shall bear him company

IV

Go, wiser thou' and, in thy scale of
sense,
Weigh thy Opinion against Providence,
Call imperfection what thou fancy'st such,
Say, here he gives too little, there too
much
Destroy all creatures for thy sport or
gust,

AN ESSAY ON MAN

Yet cry If Man's unhappy, God's unjust
If Man alone ingross not Heaven's high
care

Alone made perfect here immortal there
Snatch from his hand the balance and
the rod

Re judge his justice be the God of God
In Pride in reasoning Pride our error lies
All quit their sphere and rush into the
skies

Pride still is aiming at the blest abodes
Men would be Angels Angels would be
Gods

Aspiring to be Gods if Angels fell
Aspiring to be Angels Men rebel
And who but wishes to invert the laws
Of ORDER sins against the Eternal Cause

V

Ask for what end the heavenly bodies
shine

Earth for whose use? Pride answers
Tis for mine

For me kind Nature wakes her genial
power

Suckles each herb and spreads out every
flower

Annual for me the grape the rose renew
The juice nectareous and the balmy dew

AN ESSAY ON MAN

For me, the mine a thousand treasures
 brings,
For me, health gushes from a thousand
 springs,
Seas roll to waft me, suns to light me
 rise,
My footstool earth, my canopy the skies "
 But errs not Nature from this gracious
 end,
From burning suns when livid deaths
 descend,
When earthquakes swallow, or when tem-
 pests sweep
Towns to one grave, whole nations to the
 deep?
" No ('t is reply'd) the first Almighty Cause
Acts not by partial, but by gen'ral laws,
Th' exceptions few, some change since
 all began
And what created perfect?" — Why then
 Man?
If the great end be human Happiness,
Then Nature deviates, and can Man do
 less?
As much that end a constant course re-
 quires
Of show'rs and sun-shine, as of Man's
 desires,
As much eternal springs and cloudless
 skies,

41 ESSAY ON MAN

As Men for ever temp rate calm and wise
 If plagues or earthquakes break not
 Heav'n's design

Why then a Borgia or a Catiline?

Who knows but He whose hand the light
 ning forms

Who heaves old Ocean and who wings the
 storms

Pours fierce Ambition in a Cæsar's mind
 Or turns young Ammon loose to scourge
 mankind?

From pride from pride our very reas'n
 ing springs

Account for moral as for nat'ral things
 Why charge we Heav'n in those in these
 acquit?

In both to reason right is to submit

Better for Us perhaps it might appear
 Were there all harmony all virtue here
 That never air or ocean felt the wind
 That never passion discompos'd the mind
 But ALL subsists by element'rl strife
 And Passions are the elements of Life
 The gen'ral ORDER since the whole began
 Is kept in Nature and is kept in Man

VI

What would this Man? Now upward
 will he soar

AN ESSAY ON MAN

And little less than Angel, would be more,
Now looking downwards, just as proved
appears

To want the strength of bull, the fur of
beirs

Made for his use all creatures if he call,
Say what their use, had he the pow'rs
of ill?

Nature to these, without profusion, kind,
The proper organs, proper pow'rs as-
sign'd,

Each seeming want compensated of course,
Here with degrees of swiftness, there of
force,

All in exact proportion to the state,
Nothing to add, and nothing to abate
Each beast, each insect, happy in its own
Is Heav'n unkind to Man, and Man
alone?

Shall he alone, whom rational we call,
Be pleas'd with nothing, if not bless'd
with all?

The bliss of Man (could Pride that bless-
ing find)

Is not to act or think beyond mankind,
No pow'rs of body or of soul to share,
But what his nature and his state can bear
Why has not Man a microscopic eye?
For this plain reason, Man is not a Fly
Say what the use, were finer optics giv'n,

AN ESSAY ON MAN

T inspect a mite not comprehend the
heav'n?
Or touch if tremblingly alive all o'er
To smart and agonize at ev'ry pore?
Or quick effluvia darting thro' the brain
Die of a rose in aromatic pain?
If Nature thunder'd in his opening ears;
And stunn'd him with the music of the
spheres
How would he wish that Heav'n had left
him still
The whispering Zephyr and the purling
rill?
Who finds not Providence all good and
wise
Alike in what it gives and what denies?

VII

Far as Creation's ample range extends
The scale of sensual mental powers ascends
Mark how it mounts to Man's imperial
race
From the green myriads in the peopled
grass
What modes of sight betwixt each wide
extreme
The moles dim curtain and the lynx's
beam

AN ESSAY ON MAN

Of smell, the headlong honours between,
And hound sagacious on the tainted green
Of hearing, from the life that fills the
flood,
To that which warbles thro' the vernal
wood
The spider's touch, how exquisitely fine!
Feels at each thread, and lives along the
line
In the nice bee, what sense so subtly true
From pois'nous herbs extracts the healing
dew?
How Instinct varies in the grov'ling
swine,
Compar'd, half-reas'ning elephant, with
thine!
'Twixt that, and Reason, what a nice
barrier,
For ever sep'rate, yet for ever near!
Remembrance and Reflection how ally'd,
What thin partitions Sense from Thought
divide
And Middle natures, how they long to
join,
Yet never pass th' insuperable line!
Without this just gradation, could they
be
Subjected, these to those, or all to thee?
The powers of all subdu'd by thee alone,
Is not thy Reason all these pow'rs in one?

AN ESSAY ON MAN

VIII

See thro' this air this ocean and this
earth

All matter quick and bursting into birth
Above how high progressive life may go!
Around how wide! how deep extend below!
Vast chain of Being! which from God
began

Natures æthereal human angel man
Beast bird fish insect what no eye can
see

No glass can reach from Infinite to thee
From thee to Nothing — On superior
powers

Were we to press inferior might on ours
Or in the full creation leave a void
Where one step broken the great scale's
destroy'd

From Nature's chain whatever link you
strike

Tenth or ten thousandth breaks the chain
alike

And if each system in gradation roll
Alike essential to th' amazing Whole
The least confusion but in one not all
That system only but the Whole must fall
Let Earth unbalanced from her orbit fly
Planets and Suns run lawless thro' the
sky

AN ESSAY ON MAN

Let ruling Angels from their spheres be
hurl'd,
Being on Being wreck'd, and world on
world,
Heav'n's whole foundations to their centre
nod,
And Nature trembles to the throne of
God
All this dread ORDER break—for whom?
for thee?
Vile worm!—O Madness! Pride! Impiety!

IX

What if the foot, ordain'd the dust to
tread,
Or hand, to toil, aspir'd to be the head?
What if the head, the eye, or ear repin'd
To serve mere engines to the ruling
Mind?
Just as absurd for any part to claim
To be another, in this gen'ral frame
Just as absurd, to mourn the tasks or
pains,
The great directing MIND of ALL ordains
All are but parts of one stupendous
whole,
Whose body Nature is, and God the soul,
That, chang'd thro' all, and yet in all
the same,

AN ESSAY ON MAN

Great in the earth as in the ethereal
frame

Warms in the sun refreshes in the breeze
Glow in the stars and blossoms in the
trees

Lives thro all life extends thro all extent
Spreads undimmed operates unspent
Breathes in our soul informs our mortal
part

As full as perfect in a hair as heart
As full as perfect in vile Man that
mourns

As the rapt Seraph that adores and burns
To Him no high no low no great no
small

He fills He bounds connects and equals
all

x

Cease then nor ORDER Imperfection
name

Our proper bliss depends on what we
blame

Know thy own point This kind this due
degree

Of blindness weakness Heaven bestows on
thee

Submit — In this or any other sphere
Secure to be as blest as thou canst bear
Safe in the hand of one disposing Power

AN ESSAY ON MAN

Or in the natal, or the mortal hour
All Nature is but Art, unknown to thee,
All Chance, Direction, which thou canst
 not see,
All Discord, Harmony not understood,
All partial Evil, universal Good
And, spite of Pride, in erring Reason's
 spite,
One truth is clear, WHATEVER IS, IS
 RIGHT

Prologue to the Satires



P Shut shut the door good John¹
 fatigued I said
Tye up the knocker say I m sick I m
 dead
The Dog star rages! my tis past a
 doubt
All Bedlam or Parnassus is let out
Fire in each eye and papers in each hand
They rive rive and madden round the
 land
What walls can guard me or what
 shades can hide?
They pierce my thickets thro my Grot
 they glide
By land by water they renew the charge
They stop the chariot and they board the
 barge
No place is sacred not the Church is free
Even Sunday shines no Sabbath day to
 me

¹ John Serle his servant

PROLOGUE TO THE SATIRES

Then from the Mint walks forth the Man
of rhyme,
Happy! to catch me, just at Dinner-time
Is there a Parson, much be-mused in beer,
A maudlin Poetess, a rhyming Peer,
A Clerk, foredoom'd his father's soul to
cross,
Who pens a Stanza when he should engross?
Is there, who, lock'd from ink and paper,
scrawls
With desp'rate charcoal round his darken'd
walls?
All fly to TWIT'NAM, and in humble strain
Apply to me, to keep them mad or vain
Arthur, whose giddy son neglects the laws,
Imputes to me and my damn'd works the
cause
Poor Cornus sees his frantic wife elope,
And curses Wit, and Poetry, and Pope
Friend to my Life! (which did not you
prolong,
The world had wanted many an idle song)
What drop or nostrum can this plague
remove?
Or which must end me, a Fool's wrath or
love?
A dire dilemma! either way I'm sped,
If foes, they write, if friends, they read
me dead

PROLOGUE TO THE SATIRES

Seiz'd and ty'd down to judge how
wretched I
Who can't be silent and who will not lye
To laugh were want of goodness and of
grace
And to be grave exceeds all Pow'r of
face
I sit with sad civility I read
With honest anguish and an aching head
And drop at last but in unwilling ears
This saving counsel Keep your piece
nine years
Nine years I cries he who lugs in Drury
lane
Lull'd by soft Zephyrs thro' the broken
pane
Rhymes ere he wakes and prints before
Term ends
Oblig'd by hunger and request of friends
The piece you think is incorrect? why
take it
I'm all submission what you'd have it
make it
Three things another's modest wishes
bound
My Friendship and a Prologue and ten
pound
Pitholeon sends to me: You know his
Grace
I want a Patron ask him for a place

PROLOGUE TO THE SATIRES

Pitholeon libell'd me—"but here's a letter
Informs you, Sir, 't was when he knew no
better

Dare you refuse him? Curl invites to
dine,

He'll write a *Journal*, or he'll turn Divine "

Bless me! a packet—" 'Tis a stranger
sues,

A Virgin Tragedy, an Orphan Muse "

If I dislike it, "Furies, death, and rage!"

If I approve, "Commend it to the stage "

There (thank my stars) my whole commis-
sion ends,

The Play'rs and I are, luckily, no friends

Fir'd that the house reject him, "'Sdeath

I'll print it,

And shame the fools—Your int'rest, Sir,
with Lintot "

Lintot, dull rogue! will think your price
too much

"Not, Sir, if you revise it, and retouch "

All my demurs but double his attacks, I

At last he whispers, "Do, and ' we go
'snacks "

Glad of a quarrel, strait I clap the door,

Sir, let me see your works and you no
more

'Tis sung, when Midas' Ears began to
spring,

(Midas, a sacred person and a King)

PROLOGUE TO THE SATIRES

His very Minister who spy'd them first
(Some say his Queen) was forc'd to speak
or burst

And is not mine my friend a sorer case
When every coxcomb perks them in my
face?

A Good friend forbear! you deal in
dangerous things
I'd never name Queens Ministers or
Kings

Keep close to Ears and those let asses
prick

'Tis nothing—

P Nothing? if they bite and kick?
Out with it DUNCIAD! let the secret pass
That secret to each fool that lies on Ass
The truth once told (and wherefore should
we lie?)

The Queen of Midas slept and so may I

You think this cruel? take it for a rule
No creature smarts so little as a fool
Let peals of laughter Codrus! round thee
break

Thou unconcern'd canst hear the mighty
crack

Pit box and gallery in convulsions hurl'd
Thou stand'st unshook amidst a bursting
world

Who shames a Scribler? break one cob-
web thro

PROLOGUE TO THE SATIRES

He spins the slight, self-pleasing thread
anew

Destroy his fib, or sophistry, in vain,
The creature's at his dirty work again,
Thron'd in the centre of his thin designs,
Proud of a vast extent of flimzy lines!
Whom have I hurt? has Poet yet, or
Peer,

Lost the arch'd eyebrow, or Parnassian
sneer?

And has not Colly still his lord, and whore?
His butchers Henley, his free-masons
Moor?

Does not one table Bavius still admit?
Still to one Bishop Philips seem a wit?
Still Sappho—

A Hold! for God-sake—you'll offend,
No Names—be calm—learn prudence of a
friend

I too could write, and I am twice as tall,
But foes like these—

P One Flatt'rer's worse than all
Of all mad creatures, if the learn'd are
right,

It is the slaver kills, and not the bite
A fool quite angry is quite innocent
Alas! 'tis ten times worse when they
repent

One dedicates in high heroic prose,
And ridicules beyond a hundred foes

PROLOGUE TO THE SATIRES

One from all Grubstreet will my fame
defend

And more abusive calls himself my friend
This prints my *Letters* that expects a
bribe

And others roar aloud Subscribe sub-
scribe

There are who to my person pay their
court

I cough like Horace and tho learn am
short

Ammons great son one shoulder had too
high

Such Ovids nose and Sir! you have an
Eye

Go on obliging creatures make me see
All that disgricd my Betters met in me

Say for my comfort languishing in bed
Just so immortal *Maro* held his head

And when I die be sure you let me
know

Great Homer dy'd three thousand years
ago

Why did I write? what sin to me un-
known

Dipt me in ink my parents or my own?
As yet a child nor yet a fool to fame

lisp'd in numbers for the numbers
came

I left no calling for this idle trade

PROLOGUE TO THE SATIRES

No duty broke, no father dearest
The Muse but serv'd to ease some friend,
not Wife,
To help me thro' this long disease, my Life,
To second, Art support thy Art and Care,
And teach, the Bump you press'd, to bear
But why then publish? Granville the polite,
And knowing Walsh, would tell me I
could write,
Well-natur'd Garth inflam'd with early
praise,
And Congreve lov'd, and Swift endur'd
my lays,
The courtly Falbot, Somers, Shufield read,
Ev'n mitred Rochester would nod the
head,
And St John's self (great Dryden's friends
before)
With open arms receiv'd one Poet more
Happy my studies, when by these approv'd
Happier their author, when by these be-
lov'd
From these the world will judge of men
and books,
Not from the Burnets, Oldmixons, and
Cooks
Soft were my numbers, who could take
offence
While pure Description held the place of
Sense?

PROLOGUE TO THE SATIRES

Like gentle Lanny's was my flow'ry
theme

A painted mistress or a purling stream
Yet then did Cildon draw his venal quill
I wished the man a dinner and wife still
Yet then did Dennis rave in furious fret
I never answer'd I was not in debt
If want provok'd or madness made them
print

I wagg'd no war with Bedlam or the Mint
Did some more sober Critic come abroad
If wrong I smil'd if right I kiss'd the
rod

Pains reading study are their just pre-
sence

And all they want is spirit taste and sense
Comments and points they set exactly right
And I were a sin to rob them of their merit
Yet ne'er one sprig of laurel grac'd these
rivals

From slashing Bentley down to piddling
Tibalds

Each wight who reads not and but scans
and spells

Each Word-catcher that lives on syllables
E'en such small Critics some regard my
clum

Preserv'd in Milton's or in Shakespear's
name

Pretty! in number to observe the forms

PROLOGUE TO THE SATIRES

Of hairs, or straws, or dirt, or grubs, or
worms!

The things, we know, are neither rich nor
rare,

But wonder how the devil they got there

Were others angry I excus'd them too,
Well might they rage, I gave them but
their due

As man's true merit 'tis not hard to find,
But each man's secret standard in his
mind,

That Casting-weight pride adds to empti-
ness,

This, who can gratify? for who can *guess*?

The Bard whom pilfer'd Pastorals renown,

Who turns a Persian tale for half a Crown,

Just writes to make his barrenness appear,

And strains from 'hard-bound brains, eight
lines a year,

He, who still wanting, tho' he lives on
theft,

Steals much, spends little, yet has nothing
left

And He, who now to sense, now non-
sense leaning,

Means not, but blunders round about a
meaning

And He, whose fustian's so sublimely bad,

It is not Poetry, but prose run mad

All these, my modest Satire bad *translate*,

PROLOGUE TO THE SATIRES

And own'd that nine such Poets made a
Tate
How did they fume and stamp and roar
and chafe
And swear not Addison himself was wise
Peace to all such! but were there One
whose fires
True Genius kindles and fair Fame in
spires
Blest with each talent and each art to
please
And born to write converse and live with
ease
Should such a man too fond to rule
alone
Bear like the Turk no brother near the
throne
View him with scornful yet with jealous
eyes
And hate for arts that cras'd himself to
rise
Damn with silent praise assent with civil
fler
And without sneering teach the rest to
sneer
Willing to wound and yet afraid to strike
Just hint a fault and hesitate dislike
Alike reserv'd to blame or to commend
A timorous foe and a suspicious friend
Dreading ev'n fools by flatterers besieg'd

PROLOGUE TO THE SATIRES

And so obliging, that he ne'er oblig'd,
Like Cato, give his little Senate laws,
And sit attentive to his own applause,
While Wits and Templars' ev'ry sentence
raise,
And wonder with a foolish face of praise—
Who but must laugh, if such a man there
be?
Who would not weep, if ATTICUS were he!
What tho' my Name stood rubric on
the walls,
Or plaister'd posts, with claps, in capitals?
Or smoaking forth, a hundred hawkers
load,
On wings of winds came flying all abroad?
I sought no homage from the Race that
write,
I kept, like Asian Monarchs, from their
sight
Poems I heeded (now be-rym'd so long)
No more than thou, great GEORGE! a
birth-day song
I ne'er with wits or witlings pass'd my
days,
To spread about the itch of verse and
praise,
Nor like a puppy, daggled thro' the
town,
To fetch and carry sing-song up and
down,

PROLOGUE TO THE SATIRES

Nor at Rehearsals sweet and mouth'd
and cry'd

With handkerchiefs and oranges at my side
But sick of fops and poetry and prate
To Buso left the whole Castilian state

Proud as Apollo on his forked hill
Site full blown Buso puff'd by every quill
Fed with soft Dedication all day long
Horace and he went hand in hand in
song

His Library (where Lusts of Poets dead
And a true Pindar stood without a head)
Received of wits in undiminish'd rice
Who first his judgment ask'd and then
in place

Much they extoll'd his pictures much his
sent

And flatter'd every day and some days ext
Till grown more scrup'ul in his riper days
He paid some bard with port and some
with praise

To some a dry rehearsal was as good :
And others (harder still) he paid in kind
Dryden alone (what wonder?) came not
nigh

Dryden alone escap'd this judging eye
But still the Great have kindness in re-
serve

He help'd to bury whom he help'd to
starve

PROLOGUE TO THE SATIRES

May some choice patron bless each gray
goose quill!
May ev'ry Bavius have his Bufo still!
So when a Statesman wants a day's defence,
Or Envy holds a whole week's war with Sense,
Or simple pride for flatt'ry makes demands,
'May duncce by duncce be whistled off my hands!
Blest be the *Great*! for those they take away,
And those they left me, for they left me
GAY,
Left me to see neglected Genius bloom,
Neglected die, and tell it on his tomb
Of all thy blameless life the sole return
My Verse, and QUEENSB'RY weeping o'er
thy urn!
Oh let me live my own, and die so too!
(To live and die 'is all I have to do)
Maintain a Poet's dignity and ease,
And see what friends, and read what
books I please
Above a Patron, 'tho' I condescend
Sometimes to call a Minister my friend
I was not born for Courts or great affairs,
I pay my debts, believe, and say my
pray'rs,

PROLOGUE TO THE SATIRES

Can sleep without a Poem in my head
Nor know if Dennis be alive or dead

Why am I ask'd what next shall see the
light?

Heaven ! was I born for nothing but to
write?

Has I if no joys for me? or (to be grave)
Have I no friend to serve no soul to
save?

'I found him close with Swift -
Indeed? no doubt

(Cries prating Bullu) soon that will
come out

'Tis all in vain deny it as I will

No such a Genius never can be still
And then for mine obliging mistakes
The first Lampoon Sir Will or Bubo strikes
I nor guiltless I! and can I choose but
smile

When every Coxcomb knows me by my
style?

Cur't be the verse how well so'er it
flow

That tends to make one worthy man my
foe

Give Virtue scandal Innocence a fear
Or from the soft-eyed Virgin steal a tear!
But he who hurts a harmless neighbour's
peace

Insults fall'n worth or Beauty in distress

PROLOGUE TO THE SATIRES

Who loves a Lye, lame slander helps about,
Who writes a Libel, or who copies out
That Fop, whose pride affects a patron's
name,

Yet absent, wounds an author's honest
fame

Who can *your* merit *selfishly* approve,
And show the *sense* of it without the *love*,
Who has the vanity to call you friend,
Yet wants the honour, injur'd, to defend,
Who tells whate'er you think, whate'er you
say,

And, if he lye not, must at least betray
Who to the Dean, and silver bell can swear,
And sees at Cannons what was never there,
Who reads, but with a lust to misapply,
Make Satire a Lampoon, and Fiction
Lye

A lash like mine no honest man shall
dread,

But all such babling blockheads in his
stead

Let Sporus tremble—

A What? that thing of silk,
Sporus, that mere white curd of Ass's
milk?

Satire or sense, alas! can Sporus feel?

Who breaks a butterfly upon a wheel?

P Yet let me flap this bug with gilded
wings,

PROLOGUE TO THE SATIRES

This painted child of dirt that stinks and
stings
Whose buzz the witty and the fair an-
noys
Yet wit neer tastes and beauty neer
enjoys
So well bred spaniels civilly delight
In mumbling of the game they dare not
bite
Eternal smiles his emptiness betray
As shallow streams run dumplings all the
way
Whether in stord impotence he peaks
And as the prompter breathes the puppet
squeaks
Or at the ear of Eve familiar Told
Half froth half venom spits himself
abroad
In puns or politics or tale or lies
Or spite or snout or rhyme or blas-
phemies
His wit will see saw between *that* and
this
Now high now low now mister up now
miss
And he himself one vile Antithesis
Amphibious thing! that acting either part
The trifling head or the corrupted heart
Top of the toiler bottom at the board
Now trips a Lady and now struts a Lord.

PROLOGUE TO THE SATIRES

Eve's tempter thus the Rabbins have ex-
piest,
A Cherub's face, a reptile all the rest,
Beauty that shocks you, parts that none
will trust,
Wit that can creep, and pride that licks
the dust
Not Fortune's worshipper, nor Fashion's
fool,
Not Lucre's madman, nor Ambition's tool,
Not proud, nor servile; Be one Poet's
praise,
That, if he pleas'd, he pleas'd by many
ways
That Flatt'ry, ev'n to Kings, he held a
shame,
And thought a Lye in verse or prose the
same
That not in Fancy's maze he wander'd
long,
But stoop'd to Truth, and moraliz'd his
song
That not for Fame, but Virtue's better end,
He stood the furious foe, the timid friend,
The damning critic, half approving wit,
The cockcomb hit, or fearing to be hit,
Laugh'd at the loss of friends he never
had,
The dull, the proud, the wicked, and the
mad,

PROLOGUE TO THE SATIRES

The distant threats of vengeance on his
head

The blow unfelt the tear he never shed

The tale reviv'd the lie o' oft o'erthrown

Th' imputed trash and dulness not his
own

The morals blacken'd when the writings
scape

The libel'd person and the pictur'd shape

Abuse on all he lov'd or lov'd him
spread

A friend in exile or a father dead

The whisper that to greatness still too
near

Perhaps yet vibrates on his SOVEREIGN'S
ear—

Welcome for thee fair *Virtue*! all the past

For thee fair *Virtue*! welcome ev'n the
last!

A But why insult the poor affront the
great?

I A knave's a knave to me in every
state

Alike my scorn if he succeed or fail

Sporus at court or Japhet in a jail

A hurling scribler or a hurling peer

Knight of the post corrupt or of the
shire

If on a Pillory or near a Throne

He gain his Prince's ear or lose his own

PROLOGUE TO THE SATIRES

Yet, soft by nature, more a dupe than
wit,
Sappho can tell, you how, this man was
bit
This dreaded Sat'rist Dennis, will confess
Foe to his pride, but friend to his distress
So, humble, he has knock'd at Tibbald's
door,
Has drunk with Cibber, nay has rhym'd
for Moor
Full ten years slander'd, did he once re-
ply?
Three thousand suns went down on Wel-
sted's lye
To please a Mistress, one aspers'd his life,
He lash'd him not, but let her be his
wife
Let Budgel charge low Grubstreet on his
quill,
And write whate'er he pleas'd, except his
Will,
Let the two Curls of Town and Court,
abuse
His father, mother, body, soul, and muse
Yet why? that Father held it for a rule,
It was a sin to call our neighbour fool
That harmless Mother thought no wife
a whore
Hear this, and spare his family, James
Moore!

PROLOGUE TO THE SATIRES

Unspotted names and memorials long!
If there be force in Virtue or in Song
Of gentle blood (part shed in Honour's
cause
While yet in Britain Honour had applause)
Each parent pruned—
A What fortune pray?—
I Their own
And better got than Bestias from the
throne
Born to no pride inheriting no Strife
Nor marrying Discord in a noble wife
Stranger to civil and religious strife
The good man walked innoxious thro'
his age
No Courts he saw no suits would ever
try
Nor dard an Oath nor hazarded a life
Unlearn'd he knew no schoolman's subtilty
No language but the language of the
heart
By Nature honest by Experience wise
Healthy by temperance and by exercise
His life tho' long to sickness past un-
known
His death was instant and without a
groan
O grant me thus to live and thus to
die!

PROLOGUE TO THE SATIRES

Who sprung from Kings shall know less
joy than I

O Friend! may each domestic bliss be
thine!

Be no unpleasing Melancholy mine
Me, let the tender office long engage,
To rock the cradle of reposing Age,
With lenient arts extend a Mother's breath,
Make Languor smile, and smooth the bed
of Death,

Explore the thought, explain the asking
eye,

And keep a while one parent from the sky!
On cares like these if length of days at-
tend,

May Heav'n, to bless those days, pre-
serve my friend,

Preserve him social, chearful, and serene,
And just as rich as when he serv'd a
QUEEN

A Whether that blessing be deny'd or
giv'n,

Thus far was right, the rest belongs to
Heav'n

The Rape of the Lock



CANTO FIRST

What dire offence from am'rous causes
springs

What mighty contests rise from trivial
things

I sing—This verse to CARYL Muse I due
This ev'n Belinda may vouchsafe to view
Slight is the subject but not so the praise
If She inspire and He approve my lays

Say what stringe motive Godd sd could
compel

A well bred Lord t assault a gentle Belle?
Oh say what stranger cause yet unex
plor'd

Could make a gentle Belle reject n Lord?
In tasks so bold can little men engage
And in soft bosoms dwells such mighty
Rage?

Sol thro' white curtains shot a tim'rous
ray

And oped those eyes that must eclipse the
day

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK

Now lap-dogs give themselves the rousing
shake,
And sleepless lovers, just at twelve, awake
Thrice rung the bell, the slipper knock'd
the ground,
And the press'd watch return'd a silver
sound
Belinda still her downy pillow prest,
Her guardian SYLPH prolong'd the balmy
rest
'Twas He had summon'd to her silent bed
The morning-dream that hover'd o'er her
head
A Youth more glitt'ring than a Birth-night
Beau,
(That ev'n in slumber caus'd her cheek
to glow)
Seem'd to her ear his winning lips to lay,
And thus in whispers said, or seem'd to
say
Fairest of mortals, thou distinguish'd
care
Of thousand bright Inhabitants of Air,
If e'er one Vision touch thy infant
thought,
Of all the Nurse and all the Priest have
taught,
Of airy Elves by moonlight shadows seen,
The silver token, and the circled green,
Or virgins visited by Angel-pow'rs,

THE RAPT OF THE IOCA

With golden crowns and wreaths of
 heavenly flowers
Hear and believe! thy own importance
 know
Nor bound thy narrow views to things
 below
Some secret truth from learned pride
 conceal'd
To Maids alone and Children are reveal'd
What tho no credit doubting Wits may
 give?
The Fair and Innocent shall all believe
Know then unnumber'd Spirit round thee
 fly
The light Militia of the lower sky
These tho unseen are ever on the wing
Hung o'er the Box and hover round the
 Ring
Think what an equipage thou hast in Air
And view with scorn two Horses and a
 Chair
As now your own our beings were of old
And once inclos'd in Woman's beauteous
 mould
Thence by a soft transition we repair
From earthly Vehicles to these of air
Think not when Woman's transient breath
 is fled
That all her vanities at once are dead
Succeeding vanities she still regards

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK

'And tho' she plays no more, o'erlooks the
cards

Her joy in gilded 'Chariots, when alive,
And love of Ombre, after death survive
For when the Fair in all their pride expire,
To their first Elements their Souls retire
The Sprites of fiery Termagants in Flame
Mount up, and take a Salamander's name
Soft yielding minds to Water glide away,
And sip, with Nymphs, their elemental
Tea

. The graver Prude sinks downward to a
Gnome,

In search of mischief still on Earth to
roam

The light Coquettes in Sylphs aloft repair,
And sport and flutter in the fields of Air
Know farther yet, whoever fair and
chaste

Rejects mankind, is by some Sylph' em-
brac'd

For Spirits, freed from mortal laws, with
ease

Assume what sexes and what shapes they
please

What guards the purity of melting Maids,
In courtly balls, and midnight masquer-
ades,

Safe from the treach'rous friend, the dar-
ing spark,

THE PIPE OF THE LOCK

The glance by day the whisper in the
dark
When kind occasion prompt their warm
desires
When music softens and when dancing
fires?
'Tis but their Sylph the wise Celestials
know
Tho Honour is the word with Men below
Some nymphs there are too conscious
of their face
For life predestin'd to the Cneme em
brace
These swell their prospects and exalt their
pride
When offers are disdain'd and love deny'd
Then gay Ideas crowd the vacant brain
While Peers and Dukes and all their
sweeping train
And Garters Stars and Coronets appear
And in soft sounds Your Grace salutes
thir ear
'Tis these that early taint the female soul
Instruct the eyes of young Coquettes to
roll
Teach Infant cheeks a bidden blush to
know
And little hearts to flutter at a Beau
Oft when the World imagine women
stray

THE RAPL OF THE LOCK

The Sylph thro' myst'ry mazes glad their
way,

Thro' all the gayety circle they pursue,
And old importunance expel by new

What tender maid but me a victim fall
To one man's treat, but for another's hall?
When Florio speaks what virgin could
withstand,

If gentle Dumon did not squeeze her
hand?

With varying vanities, from every part,
They shift the moving Toyshop of their
heart,

Where wigs with wigs, with sword-knots
sword-knots strive,

Beaux brush beaux, and coaches coaches
drive

This erring mortals Levity may call,
Oh blind to truth! the Sylphs contrive it
all

Of these am I, who thy protection claim,
A watchful sprite, and Ariel is my name
Late, as I rang'd the crystal wilds of air,
In the clear Mirror of thy ruling Star
I saw, alas! some dread event impend,
Ere to the main this morning sun descend,
But heav'n reveals not what, or how, or
where

Warn'd by the Sylph, oh pious maid, be-
ware!

THE RAPE OF THE LOCH

This to disclose is all the Guardian can
Beware of all but not beware of Man!
He said when Shock who thought she
 slept too long
Leapt up and waked his mistress with
 his tongue
Twas then Belinda if report say true
Thy eyes first opened on a billet-doux
Wounds Charms and Ardors were no
 sooner read
But all the Vision vanished from thy head
And now unveiled the fool t stand dis-
 played
Each silver Vase in mystic order laid
First robed in what the Nymph intent
 adores
With heed uncovered the Cosmic powers
A heavenly Image in the glass appears
To that she bared to that her eye she
 rears
The inferior Priestess at her altar said
Trembling begins the sacred rites of Pride
Unnumbered treasures open at once and
 here
The various offerings of the world appear
From each she nicely culls with curious
 toil
And decks the Goddess with the glittering
 spoil
This casket India's flowing gems unlock

THE RAPT OF THE LOCK

And all Arabia breathe from scented bays
The tortoise horn and Elephant tines,
Transform'd to comb, the spangled, and
the white

Here hills of pin extend their humming
rows,

Puffs, Powders, Patches, Pables, Billies-
doux

Now awful Beauty puts on all its arm,
The fur each moment rises in her charms,
Repairs her smiles, awakens ev'ry grace,
And calls forth all the wonders of her face,
Sees by degrees a pure blush rise,
And keener lightnings quicken in her eye
The busy Sylphs surround their darling
cure,

These set the head, and those divide the
hair,

Some fold the sleeve, whilst others plait
the gown,

And Betty's prais'd for labours not her
own

CANTO SECOND

Not with more glories, in th' ethereal
plain,

The Sun first rises o'er the purpled main,
Than, issuing forth, the rival of his beams
Launch'd on the bosom of the silver
Thames

THE RARE OF THE LOCK

Fair Nymphs and well dress'd Youths
around her shone

But every eye was fix'd on her alone
On her white breast a sparkling Cross
she wore

Which Jews might hit and Infidels adore
Her lively looks a brightly mind disclose
Quiet as her eyes and as unfix'd as those
Favours to none to all her smile extends
Oft she rejects but never once offends
Bright as the sun her eyes the stars
strike

And like the sun they shine on all alike
Yet graceful eyes and sweetness void of
pride

Might hide her faults if Belles had faults
to hide

If to her share some female error fall
Look on her face and you'll forget 'em
all

Thus Nymph to the destruction of man
kind

Nourish'd two Locks which graceful hung
behind

In equal curls and well conspir'd to deck
With shining ringlets the smooth ivory
neck

Love in these Labyrinths his slaves detains
And mighty hearts are held in slender
chains

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK

With hairy springes v e the birds belay,
Slight lines of hair surprize the finny prey,
Fair tresses man's imperial race insnare,
And beauty draws us with a single hair.

Th' advent'rous Baron the bright locks
admir'd,

He saw he wish'd, and to the prize
aspir'd.

Resolv'd to win, he meditates the way,
By force to ravish, or by fraud betray;
For when success a Lover's toil attends,
Few ask, if fraud or force attain'd his
ends

For this, ere Phœbus rose, he had im-
plor'd

Propitious heav'n and ev'ry pow'r ador'd,
But chiefly Love to Love an Altar built,
Of twelve vast French Romances, neatly
gilt.

There lay three garters, half a pair of
gloves,

And all the trophies of his former loves;
With tender Bulet-doux he lights the pyre,
And breathes three am'rous sighs to raise
the fire.

Then prostrate falls, and begs with ardent
eyes

Soon to obtain, and long possess the prize:
The pow'rs give ear, and granted half his
pray'r,

THE RIP OF THE LOG

The rest the winds dispers'd in empty
air

But now secure the painted vessel lies
The sunbeams trembling on the floating
tides

While melting music steals upon the sky
And softend sounds along the waters die
Smooth flow the waves the Zephyrs gently
play

Behind a smil'd and all the world was
gay

All but the Sylph—with careful thought
oppress'd

Th' impending woe sat heavy on his
breast

He summons straight his Demiz'ns of air
The lucid squadrons round the sail re-
pair

Soft o'er the shroud a rail whispers
breath'd

That scend but Zephyr to the train
beneath

Some to the sun their insect wings unfold
Waft on the breeze or sink in clouds of
gold

Transparent forms too fine for mortal
sight

Their fluid bodies half dissolv'd in light
Loose to the wind their airy garments
flew

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK

Thin glitt'ring textures of the filmy dew,
Dipt in the richest tincture of the skies,
Where light disports in ever-mingling
dyes,
While ev'ry beam new transient colours
flings,
Colours that change whene'er they wave
their wings
Amid the circle, on the gilded mast,
Superior by the head, was Ariel plac'd,
His purple pinions op'ning to the sun,
He rais'd his azure wand, and thus
begun
Ye Sylphs and Sylphids, to your chief
give ear,
Fays, Fairies, Genii, Elves, and Dæmons
hear!
Ye know the spheres and various tasks
assign'd
By laws eternal to th' aerial kind
Some in the fields of purest Æther play,
And bask and whiten in the blaze of day
Some guide the course of wand'ring orbs
on high,
Or roll the planets thro' the boundless
sky
Some less refin'd, beneath the moon's
pale light
Pursue the stars that shoot athwart the
night,

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK

Or suck the milks in groves far below
Or dip their pinions in the painted bow
Or brew fierce tempests on the wintry
 main
Or o'er the plebe distil the kindly rain
Others on earth o'er human race preside
Watch all their ways and all their action
 guide
Of this is the chief the care of Nations own
And guard with Arms divine the British
 Throne
Our humbler province is to tend the
 Fair
Not a less pleasing tho' less glorious care
To save the powder from too rude a sale
Nor let the unprinted cinders exhale
To draw fresh colour from the vernal
 flow'rs
To steal from rainbows as they drop in
 show'rs
A brighter wash to curl their waving
 hairs
Assist their blushes and inspire their airs
Nay oft in dreams invention we bestow
To change a Flounce or add a Turbrow
 This day Black Omens threat the
 brightest Fair
That ever deserv'd a watchful spirit's
 care;
Some dire disaster or by force or slight

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK

But what, or where, the fates have wrapt
in night

Whether the nymph shall break Diana's
law,

Or some frail China jar receive a flaw,
Or stain her honour, or her new brocade,
Forget her pray'rs, or miss a masquerade,
Or lose her heart, or necklace at a ball,
Or whether Heav'n has doom'd that Shock
must fall

Haste then, ye spirits' to your charge
repar

The flutt'ring fan be Zephyretta's care,
The drops to thee, Brillante, we consign,
And, Momentilla, let the watch be thine,
Do thou, Crispissa, tend her fav'rite Lock,
Ariel himself shall be the guard of Shock

To fifty chosen Sylphs, of special note,
We trust th' important charge, the Petticoat

Oft have we known that seven-fold fence
to fail,

Tho' stiff with hoops, and arm'd with ribs
of whale,

Form a strong line about the silver
bound,

And guard the wide circumference around

Whatever spirit, careless of his charge,
His post neglects, or leaves the fair at
large,

THE RAPT OF THE LOCK

Shall feel sharp vengeance soon oertake
his sins

Be stop'd in vials or transfix'd with pins
Or plung'd in lakes of bitter washes lie
Or wedg'd whole ages in a bodkins
eye

Gums and Pomatums shall his flight re-
strain

While clog'd he beats his silken wings
in vain

Or Alum styptics with contracting pow'r
Shrink his thin essence like a riveld
flow'r

Or as Ixion fix'd the wretch shall feel
The giddy motion of the whirling Mill
In fumes of burning Chocolate shall
glow

And tremble at the sea that froths below !
He spoke the spirit from the sails
descend

Some orb in orb around the nymph
extend

Some thrid the mazy ringlets of her hair
Some hing upon the pendants of her ear
With beating hearts the dire event they
wait

Anxious and trembling for the birth of
fate

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK

CANTO THIRD

Close by those meads, for ever crown'd
with flow'rs,
Where Thames with pride surveys his
rising tow'rs,
There stands a structure of majestic
frame,
Which from the neighb'ring Hampton
takes its name
Here Britain's statesmen oft the fall fore-
doom
Of foreign Tyrants, and of Nymphs at
home,
Here thou, great ANNA! whom three
realms obey,
Dost sometimes counsel take—and some-
times Tea
Hither the heroes and the nymphs re-
sort,
To taste awhile the pleasures of a Court,
In various talk th' instructive hours they
past,
Who gave the ball, or paid the visit last,
One speaks the glory of the British Queen,
And one describes a charming Indian
screen,
A third interprets motions, looks, and
eyes,
At ev'ry word a reputation dies.

THE LAPE OF THE LOCK

Snuff or the fan supply each pause of chat
With singing laughing ogling and all
that

Mean while declining from the noon of
day

The sun obliquely shoots his burning ray
The hungry Judges soon the sentence sign
And wretches hang that jury men may
dine

The merchant from th Exchange returns
in peace

And the long labours of the Toilet cease
Behind a now whom thirst of fame invites
Burns to encounter two adventurous
knights

At Ombre singh to decide their doom
And swells her breast with conquests yet
to come

Strait the three bands prepare in arms to
join

Each band the number of the sacred nine
Soon as she spreads her hand th actual
guard

Descend and sit on each important card
First Ariel perch'd upon a Matadorr
Then each according to the rank they bore
For Sylphs yet mindful of their ancient
rite

Are as when women wondrous fond of
place

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK

Behold, four Kings in majesty rever'd,
With hoary whiskers and a forky beard,
And four fair Queens whose hands sustain
a flow'r,
Th' expressive emblem of their softer
pow'r;
Four Knaves in garbs succinct, a trusty
band,
Caps on their heads, and halberts in their
hand,
And particolour'd troops a shining train,
Draw forth' to combat on the velvet plain
The skilful Nymph reviews her force
with care
Let Spades be trumps' she said, and
trumps they were
Now move to war her sable Matadores,
In show like leaders of the swarthy Moors
Spadillio first, unconquerable Lord'
Led off two captive trumps, and swept
the board
As many more Manillio forc'd to yield,
And march'd a victor from the verdant
field
Him Basto follow'd, but his fate more hard
Gain'd but one trump and one Plebeian
card
With his broad sabre next, a chief in
years,
The hoary Majesty of Spades appears,

THE RAPI OF THE LOCK

Buts forth one manly leg in sight reveal'd
The rest his many-colour'd robe conceal'd
The rebel knave who dres his prince
engage

I roves the just victim of his royal rage
I v'n mighty Pam that kings and Queens
oerthrew

And mow'd down armies in the fights of Lu
Sad chance of war! now destitute of aid
I alls undistinguished by the victor Spade!

Thus far both armies in Belinda yield
Now to the Baron fate inclines the field
His warlike Amazon her ho't invades
Th' imperial consort of the crown of
Spades

The Clubs black Tyrant first her victim
did

Spite of his haughty mien and barbarous
pride

Whit boot the regal circlet on his head
His giant limbs in state unwieldy pread
That long behind he trail his pompous
robe

And of all monarchs only grasps the
globe!

The Baron now his diamonds pours up ice
Th' embroider'd hink who shows but half
his face

And I's resurgent Queen with pow'rs com
bind

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK

Of broken troops in easy conquest find
Clubs, Diamonds, Hearts, in wild disorder
seen,

With throngs promiscuous strow the level
green

Thus when dispers'd a routed army runs,
Of Asia's troops, and Afric's sable sons,
With like confusion different nations fly,
Of various habit, and of various dye,
The pierc'd battalions dis-united fall,
In heaps on heaps, one fate o'erwhelms
them all

The knave of Diamonds tries his wily
arts,

And wins (oh shameful chance!) the Queen
of Hearts

At this, the blood the virgin's cheek for-
sook,

A livid paleness spreads o'er all her look
She sees, and trembles at th' approaching
ill,

Just in the jaws of ruin, and Codille
And now, (as oft in some distemper'd State)
On one nice Trick depends the gen'ral fate
An Ace of Hearts steps forth The king
unseen

Lurk'd in her hand, and mourn'd his cap-
tive Queen

He springs to vengeance with an eager
pace,

THE PIPE OF THE LOCK

And falls like thunder on the prostrate Ace
The nymph exulting fills with shouts the
halls

The walls the woods and long canals
reply

O thoughtless mortals! ever blind to
fate

Too soon dejected and too soon that
Sudden these honours shall be snatched
away

And curs'd for ever this victorious day

For lo! the board with cups and spoons
is crown'd

The berries crackle and the mill turns
round

On shining Altars of Japan they raise
The silver lamp the fiery spirits blaze
From silver spouts the grateful liquors
glee

While China's earth receives the smoky
ink tide

At once they gratify their scent and taste
And frequent cups prolong the rich repast
Strait hover round the farther airy land
Some as she sipp'd the fuming liquor
stand

Scene o'er her lip their careful plumes
play'd

Trembling and conscious of the rich bro-
cade

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK

Coffee, (which makes the politician wise,
And see thro' all things with his half-shut
eyes)

Sent up in vapours to the Baron's brain
New stratagemis, the radiant Lock to
gain

Ah cease, rash youth! desist ere 'tis too
late,

Fear the just Gods, and think of Scylla's
fate!

Chang'd to a bird, and sent to flit in air,
She dearly pays for Nisus' injured hair!

But when to mischief mortals bend their
will,

How soon they find fit instruments of ill!
Just then, Clarissa drew with tempting
grace

A two-edg'd weapon from her shining
case

So Ladies in Romance assist their Knight,
Present the spear, and arm him for the
fight

He takes the gift with rev'rence, and
extends

The little engine on his fingers' ends,
This just behind Belinda's neck he spread,
As o'er the fragrant steams she bends her
head

Swift to the Lock a thousand Sprites re-
pair,

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK

A thousand wings by turns blow back
the hair
And thrice they twitch'd the diamond in
her ear
Thrice she look'd back and thrice the foe
drew near
Just in that instant anxious Ariel sought
The close recesses of the Virgin's thought
As on the nosegay in her breast reclind
He watch'd th' Ideas rising in her mind
Sudden he view'd in spite of all her art
An earthly Lover hurling at her heart
Amaz'd confus'd he found his power
expir'd
Resign'd to fate and with a sigh retir'd
The Peer now spreads the glittering For
fex wide
To inclose the Lock now joins it to
divide
Even then before the fatal engine clos'd
A wretched Sylph too fondly interpos'd /
Gate urg'd the sheers and cut the Sylph
in twain
(But airy substance soon unites again)
The meeting points the sacred hair dis sever
From the fair head for ever and for ever!
Then flash'd the living lightning from
her eyes
And screams of horror rend th' affrighted
skies

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK

Not louder shrieks to pitying heav'n are
cast,

When husbands, or when lapdogs breathe
their last,

Or when rich China vessels fall'n from
high,

In glitt'ring dust, and painted fragments
lie!

Let wreaths of triumph now my temples
twine,

(The Victor cry'd) the glorious Prize is
mine!

While fish in streams, or birds delight in
air,

Or in a coach-and-six the British Fair, //
As long as Atalantis shall be read, //

Or the small pillow grace a Lady's bed,
While visits shall be paid on solemn days,
When num'rous wax-lights in bright order
blaze,

While nymphs take treats, or assignations
give,

So long my honour, name, and praise
shall live!

What Time would spare, from Steel re-
ceives its date,

And monuments, like men, submit to fatal
Steel could the labour of the Gods destroy,
And strike to dust th' imperial tow'rs of
Troy,

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK

Steel could the works of mortal pride con-
found
And hew triumphal arches to the ground
What wonder then fair nymph! thy hairs
should feel
The conqu'ring force of unresisting steel?

CANTO FOURTH

But anxious cares the pensive nymph
oppress'd
And secret passions labour'd in her breast
Not youthful kings in battle seiz'd alive
Not scornful virgins who their charms
survive
Not ardent lovers robb'd of all their bliss
Nor ancient ladies when refus'd a kiss
Not tyrants fierce that unrepenting die
Not Cynthia when her manteau's pinn'd
away
For felt such rage resentment and despair
As thou sad Virgin! for thy ravish'd Hair
For that sad moment when the Sylphs
withdrew
And Ariel weeping from Belinda flew,
Umbriel a dusky melancholy sprite
As ever sulli'd the fair face of light
Down to the central earth his proper scene
Repair'd to search the gloomy Cave of
Spleen

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK

Swift on his sooty pinions flits the
Gnome,
And in a vapour reach'd the dismal dome
No chearful breeze this sullen region
knows,
The dreaded East is all the wind that
blows
Here in a grotto, shelter'd close from air,
And screen'd in shades from day's detested
glare,
She sighs for ever on her pensive bed,
Pain at her side, and Megrim at her head
Two handmaids wait the throne alike
in place,
But differing far in figure and in face
Here stood Ill-nature like an ancient maid,
Her wrinkled form in black and white
array'd,
With store of pray'rs, for mornings,
nights, and noons,
Her hand is fill'd, her bosom with lam-
poons
There Affectation, with a sickly mien,
Shows in her cheek the roses of eighteen,
Practis'd to lisp, and hang the head aside,
Faints into airs, and languishes with pride,
On the rich quilt sinks with becoming
woe,
Wrapt in a gown, for sickness, and for
show

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK

The fair ones feel such maladies as these
When each new night-dress gives a new
disease

A constant Vapour o'er the palace flies
Strange phantoms rising as the mists
arise

Dreadful 'as hermits dreams in haunted
shades

Or bright as visions of expiring maids
Now glaring fiends and snakes on rolling
spires

Pale spectres gaping tombs and purple
fires

Now lakes of liquid gold Elysian scenes
And crystal domes and Angels in machines

Unnumber'd throngs on ev'ry side are
seen

Of bodies chang'd to various forms by
Spleen

Here living Tea pots stand one arm held
out

One bent the handle this and that the
spout

A Pipkin there like Homer's Tripod walks

Here sighs a Jar and there a Goose pye
talks⁴

Men prove with child as powerful fancy
works

And maids turn'd bottles call aloud for
corks

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK

Safe past the Gnome thro' this fantastic
band,
A branch of healing Spleenwoit in his
hand
Then thus address'd the pow'r—Hail, way-
ward Queen!
Who rule the sex to fifty from fifteen
Parent of vapours and of female wit,
Who give th' hysteric, or poetic fit,
On various tempers, act by various ways,
Make some take physic, others scibble
plays,
Who cause the proud their visits to delay,
And send the godly in, a pet to pray
A nymph there is, that all thy pow'r dis-
dains,
And thousands more in equal mirth main-
tains
But oh! if e'er thy Gnome could spoil a
grace,
Or raise a pimple on a beauteous face,
Like Citron-waters matrons' cheeks in-
flame,
Or change complexions at a losing game,
If e'er with airy horns I planted heads,
Or rumpled petticoats, or tumbled beds,
Or caus'd suspicion when no soul was
rude,
Or discompos'd the head-dress of a Prude,
Or e'er to costive lap-dog gave disease

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK

Which not the tears of brightest eyes
could erase

Hear me and touch Belinda with chagrin
That single act gives half the world the
spleen

The Goddess with a discontented air
Seems to reject him tho she grants his
prayer

A wondrous Bag with both her hands she
binds

Like that where once Ulysses held the
winds

There she collects the force of female
lungs

Sighs sobs and passions and the war of
tongues

A Vial next she fills with fainting fears
Soft sorrows melting griefs and flowing
tears

The Gnome rejoicing bears her gifts away
Spreads his black wings and slowly
mounts to day

Sunk in Thalestris arms the nymph
he found

Her eyes dejected and her hair unbound
Full o'er their heads the swelling bag he
rent

And all the Furcs issued at the vent
Belinda burns with more than mortal ire
And fierce Thalestris fans the rising fire

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK

O wretched maid! she spread her hands,
and cry'd,
(While Hampton's echoes, wretched maid!
reply'd)

Was it for this you took such constant care
The bodkin, comb, and essence to prepare?
For this your locks in paper durance
bound,

For this with tort'ring irons wreath'd
around?

For this with fillets strain'd your tender
head,

And bravely bore the double loads of lead?
Gods! shall the ravisher display your
harr,

While the Fops envy, and the Ladies stare!
Honour forbid! at whose unrival'd shrine
Ease, pleasure, virtue, all our sex resign
Methinks already I your tears survey,

Already hear the horrid things they say,
Already see you a degraded toast,

And all your honour in a whisper lost!

How shall I, then, your helpless fame de-
fend?

'Twill then be infamy to seem your friend!
And shall this prize, th' inestimable prize,
Expos'd thro' crystal to the gazing eyes,
And heighten'd by the diamond's circling
rays,

On that rapacious hand for ever blaze?

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK

Sooner shall grass in Hyde park Circus
grow

And wits take lodgings in the sound of
Bow

Sooner let earth air sea to Chaos fall
Men monkeys lap-dogs parrots perish
all!

She said then raging to Sir Plume re
pairs

And bids her Beau demand the precious
hairs

(Sir Plume of amber snuff box justly
vain

And the nice conduct of a clouded cane)
With earnest eyes and round unthinking
face

He first the snuff box open'd then the case
And thus broke out— My Lord why
what the devil?

Z—ds! damn the lock! fore Gad you
must be civil!

Plague on t! tis past a jest—nay prithee
poor!

Give her the hair—he spoke and rapped
his box

It grieves me much (reply'd the Peer
again)

Who speaks so well should ever speak in
vain

But by this Lock this sacred Lock I swear

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK

(Which never more shall join its parted
hair,

Which never more its honours shall renew,
Clip'd from the lovely head where late it
grew)

That while my nostrils draw the vital air,
This hand, which won it, shall for ever
wear

He spoke, and speaking, in proud triumph
spread

The long-contended honours of her head
But Umbriel, hateful Gnome! forbears
not so,

He breaks the Vial whence the sorrows
flow.

Then see! the nymph in beauteous grief
appears,

Her eyes half-languishing, half-drown'd in
tears,

On her heav'd bosom hung her drooping
head,

Which, with a sigh, she rais'd, and thus
she said

For ever curs'd be this detested day,
Which snatch'd my best, my fav'rite curl
away!

Happy! ah ten times happy had I been,
If Hampton-Court these eyes had never
seen!

Yet am not I the first mistaken maid

THE R I P E O F T H E L O C K

By love of Courts to numerous ill betray'd
Oh had I rather un-admir'd remain'd
In some lone isle or distant Northern land
Where the gilt Chariot never marks the
way

Where none learn Ombre none e'er taste
Bohea!

There kept my charms conceal'd from
mortal eye

Like roses that in deserts bloom and die
What mov'd my mind with youthful Lords
to roam?

O had I stay'd and said my prayers at
home!

'Twas this the morning omens seem'd to
tell

Thrice from my trembling hand the patch
box fell

The tott'ring China shook without a wind
Nay Poll sat mute and Shock was most
unkind!

A Sylph too warn'd me of the threats of
fate

In mystic visions now believ'd too late!
See the poor remnants of these slighted
hairs!

My hands shall rend what ev'n thy rapine
spares

These in two sable ringlets taught to
break

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK

Once gave new beauties to the snowy
neck,
The sister-lock now sits uncouth, alone,
And in its fellow's fate foresees its own,
Uncurl'd it hangs, the fatal sheers de-
mands,
And tempts once more, thy sacrilegious
hands
Oh hadst thou, cruel! been content to seize
Hairs less in sight, or any hairs but these!

CANTO FIFTH

She said the pitying audience melt in
tears
But Fate and Jove had stopp'd the Baron's
ears
In vain Thalestris with reproach assails,
For who can move when fair Belinda fails?
Not half so fix'd the Trojan could remain,
While Anna begg'd and Dido rag'd in vain
Then grave Clarissa graceful wav'd her
fan,
Silence ensu'd, and thus the nymph began
Say why are Beauties prais'd and
honour'd most,
The wise man's passion, and the vain
man's toast?
Why deck'd with all that land and sea
afford,

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK

And trust me, dear! good-humour can prevail,
When airs, and flights, and screams, and scolding fail
Beauties in vain their pretty eyes may roll,
Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul
So spoke the Dame, but no applause ensu'd,
Belinda frown'd, Thalestris call'd her Prude
To arms, to arms! the fierce Virago cries,
And swift as lightning to the combat flies
All side in parties, and begin th' attack,
Fans clap, silks rattle, and tough whale-bones crack,
Heroes' and Heroines' shouts confus'dly rise,
And base, and treble voices strike the skies
No common weapons in their hands are found,
Like Gods they fight, nor dread a mortal wound
So when bold Homer makes the Gods engage,
And heav'nly breasts with human passions rage,

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK

Gainst Pallas Mars Latona Hermes
arms
And all Olympus rings with loud alarms
Jove's thunder roars heav'n trembles all
around
Blue Neptune storms the bellowing deeps
resound
Earth shakes her nodding towers the
ground gives way
And the pale ghosts start at the flash of
day'
Triumphant Umbriel on a scone's
height
Clap'd his glad wings and sat to view
the fight
Prop'd on their bodkin spears the Sprites
survey
The growing combat or assist the fray
While thro' the press enrag'd Thales
tris flies
And scatters death around from both her
eyes
A Beau and Witling perish'd in the throng
One dy'd in metaphor and one in song
'Oh cruel nymph! a living death! I
bear
Cry'd Dapperwit and sunk beside his
chair
A mournful glance Sir Fopling upwards
cast

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK

“Those eyes are made so killing!”—was
his last

Thus on Mæander’s flow’ry margin lies
Th’ expiring Swan, and as he sings he
dies

When bold Sir Plume had drawn Cla-
rissa down,
Chloe stepp’d in, and kill’d him with a
frown,

She smil’d to see the doughty hero, ‘slain’,
But, at her smile, the Beau reviv’d again

Now Jove suspends his golden scales in
air,

Weighs the Men’s wits against the Lady’s
hair,

The doubtful beam long nods from side
to side,

At length the wits mount up, the hairs
subside

See fierce Belinda on the Baron flies,
With more than usual lightning in ‘her
eyes

Nor fear’d the Chief th’ unequal fight to
try,

Who sought no more than on his foe’ to
die

But this ‘bold’ Lord with manly strength
endu’d,

She with one finger and a thumb sub-
du’d

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK

Just where the breath of life his nostrils
drew

A charge of Snuff the wily virgin threw
The Gnomes direct to ev'ry atom just
The pungent grains of titillating dust
Sudden with starting tears each eye o'er
flows

And the high dome re-echoes to his nose
Now meet thy fate incens'd Belinda
& cry'd

And drew a deadly bodkin from her side
(The same his ancient personage to deck
Her great great grandsire wore about his
neck

In three seal rings which after melted
down

Form'd a vast buckle for his widow's
gown

Her infant grandame's whistle next it
grew

The bells she jingled and the whistle
blew

Then in a bodkin grac'd her mother's
hairs

Which long she wore and now Belinda
wears)

Boast not my fall (he cry'd) insulting
foe!

Thou by some other shalt be laid as low
Nor think to die dejects my lofty mind

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK

All that I 'dread is leaving you behind' ,
Rather than so, ah let me still survive,
And burn in Cupid's flames,—but burn
alive

Restore the Lock! she cries, and all
around

Restore the Lock! the vaulted roofs re-
bound

Not fierce Othello in so loud a strain
Roar'd for the handkerchief that caus'd
his pain

But see how oft ambitious aims are
cross'd,

And chiefs contend 'till all the prize is
lost!

The Lock, obtain'd with guilt, and kept
with pain,

In ev'ry place is sought, but sought in vain
With such a prize no mortal must be
blest,

So 'heav'n' decrees! with heav'n who can
contest?

'Some thought it mounted to the Lunar
sphere,

Since all things lost on earth are treasur'd
there

There 'Heroes' wits are kept in pond'rous
vases,

And Beaux' in snuff-boxes and tweezer-
cases

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK

There broken vows and death bed alms
are found
And lovers hearts with ends of ribband
bound
The courtiers promises and sick man's
prayers
The smiles of harlots and the tears of
heirs
Cages for gnats and chains to yoke a
flea
Dry'd butterflies and tomes of casuistry
But trust the Muse—she saw it upward
rise
Tho' mark'd by none but quick poetic
eyes
(So Rome's great founder to the heavens
withdrew
To Proculus alone confess'd in view)
A sudden Star it shot thro' liquid air
And drew behind a radiant trail of hair
Not Berenice's Locks first rose so bright
The heavens bespangling with disho'vel'd
light
The Sylphs behold it kindling as it flies
And pleas'd pursue its progress thro' the
skies
This the Beau monde shall from the
Mall survey
And hail with music its propitious ray
This the blest Lover shall for Venus take

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK

And send up vows from Rosamonda's
lake

This Partridge soon shall view in' cloud-
less skies,

When next he looks thro' Galilæo's eyes,

And hence th' egregious wizard shall
foredoom

The fate of Louis, and the fall of Rome

Then cease, bright Nymph! to mourn
thy ravish'd hair,

Which adds new glory to the shining
sphere!

Not all the tresses that fair head can
boast,

Shall draw such envy as the Lock you
lost

For, after all the murders of your eye,

When, after millions slain, yourself shall
die,

When those fair suns shall set, as set
they must,

And all those tresses shall be laid in
dust,

This Lock, the Muse shall consecrate to
fame,

And 'midst the stars inscribe Belinda's
name

The Dunciad

(CLOST G PA SA)

She comes! she comes! the sable Throne
 behold
Of *Night* Primæval and of *Chaos* old!
Before her *Fancy's* gilded clouds decay
And all its varying Rain bows die away
Wit shoots in vain its momentary fires
The meteor drops and in a flash expires
As one by one 't dread Medea's strain
The sickning stars fade off th' ethereal
 plain
As Argus eyes by Hermes wand op
 prest
Clos'd one by one to everlasting rest
Thus at her felt approach and secret
 might
Art after *Art* goes out and all is Night
See skulking *Truth* to her old cavern
 fled
Mountains of Casuistry heap'd o'er her
 head!
Philosophy that leand on Heav'n before
Shrinks to her second cause and is no
 more

THE DUNCIAD

Physic of *Metaphysic* begs defence,
And *Metaphysic* calls for aid on *Sense*!
See *Mystery* to *Mathematics* fly!
In vain! they gaze, turn giddy, rave, and
die.
Religion blushing veils her sacred fires,
And unawares *Morality* expires
Nor *public* Flame, nor *private*, dares' to
shine,
Nor *human* Spark is left, nor Glimpse
divine!
Lo! thy dread Empire, CHAOS! is re-
stor'd,
Light dies before thy uncreating word
Thy hand, great Anarch! lets the curtain
fall,
And Universal Darkness buries all

Thomas Gray

Elegy

WITTENHAY CHURCH
CHURCHYARD



The curfew tolls the knell of parting day
The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the
lea
The plowman homeward plods his weary
way
And leaves the world to darkness and
to me

Now fades the glimmering landscape on
the sight
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning
flight
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant
folds

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower
The moping owl does to the moon com-
plain
Of such as wand'ring near her secret
bower
Molest her ancient solitary reign

ELEGY

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's
shade,

Where heaves the turf in many a mould-
d'ring heap,

Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing Morn,
The swallow twitt'ring from the straw-
built shed,

The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing
horn,

No more shall rouse them from their
lowly bed

For them no more the blazing hearth
shall burn,

Or busy housewife ply her evening care,

No children run to hisp their sire's return,

Or climb his knees the envied kiss to
share

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has
broke,

How jocund did they drive their team
afield!

How bow'd the woods beneath their
sturdy stroke!

ELEGY

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys and destiny obscure
Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor

The boast of heraldry the pomp of power
And all that beauty all that wealth e'er
gave

Await alike the inevitable hour
The paths of glory lead but to the grave

Nor you ye Proud impute to these the
fault

If Memory o'er their tomb no trophies
raise

Where thro' the long-drawn aisle and
fretted vault

The pealing anthem swells the note of
praise

Can storied urn or animated bust

Back to its mansion call the fleeting
breath?

Can Honour's voice provoke the silent dust

Or Flattery soothe the dull cold ear of
Death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid

Some heart once pregnant with celestial
fire,

ELEGY

Hands, that the rod of empire might have
 sway'd,
Or wak'd to extasy the living lyre

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample
 page
Rich with the spoils of time did ne'er
 unroll,
Chill Penury repress'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
 The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean
 bear

Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air

Some village-Hampden, that, with daunt-
 less breast,
The little Tyrant of his fields withstood,
Some mute inglorious Milton here may
 rest,
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's
 blood

Th' applause of list'ning senates to com-
 mand,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their hist'ry in a nation's eyes,

ELEGI

Their lot forbid nor circumscrib'd alone
Their growing virtues but their crimes
confind
Forbad to wade through slaughter to a
throne
And shut the gates of mercy on man
kind

The struggling pangs of conscious truth
to hide
To quench the blushes of ingenuous
shame
Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride
With incense kindled at the Muse's
flame

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble
strife
Their sober wishes ne'er learn'd to
stray
Along the cool sequester'd vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their
way

Yet ev'n these bones from insult to protect
Some frail memorial still erected nigh
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculp-
ture deck'd
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh

ILLEGY

Then name, their years, spelt by th' un-
letter'd muse,
The place of fame and glory supply
And many a holy text around ~~she~~ strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die

For who, to dumb Forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er re-
sign'd,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful
day,
Nor cast one longing, ling'ring look
behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul
relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye re-
quires,
Ev'n from the tomb the voice of Nature
cries,
Ev'n in our Ashes live their wonted Fires

For thee, who mindful of th' unhonour'd
Dead
Dost in these lines their artless tales
relate,
If chance, by lonely Contemplation led,
Some kindred Spirit shall enquire thy
fate,

ELEGY

Haply some hoary headed swain may say
Oft have we seen him at the peep of
dawn

Brushing with hasty steps the dews away
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn

There at the foot of yonder nodding
beech

That wreathes its old fantastic roots so
high

His listless length at noontide would he
stretch

And pore upon the brook that babbles by

Hard by yon wood now smiling as in
scorn

Muttering his wayward fancies he would
rove

Now drooping woeful wan like one for
lorn

Or craz'd with care or cross'd in hope
less love

One morn I miss'd him on the custom'd
hill

Along the heath and near his favorite
tree

Another came nor yet beside the rill

Nor up the lawn nor at the wood was
he

ELEGY

“The next, with dirges due, in sad array,
Slow thro’ the church-way path we saw
him borne —
Approach and read (for thou canst read)
the lay
Grav’d on the stone beneath yon aged
thorn ”

THE EPITAPH

Here rests his head upon the lap of Earth,
A Youth to Fortune and to Fame un-
known
Fair Science frown’d not on his humble
birth,
And Melancholy mark’d him for her own
Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
Heav’n did a recompense as largely
send
He gave to Mis’ry all he had, a tear,
He gain’d from Heav’n (’twas all he
wish’d) a friend
No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread
abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope re-
pose,)
The bosom of his Father and his God

Hymn to Adversity



Daughter of Jove relentless Power
Thou Tamer of the human breast
Whose iron scourge and tort ring hour
The Bad affright afflict the Best!
Bound in thy adamant chain
The Proud are taught to taste of pain.
And purple Tyrants vainly groan
With pangs unfelt before unpitied and
alone

When first thy Sire to send on earth
Virtue his darling child design'd
To thee he gave the heavenly Birth
And bad to form her infant mind
Stern rugged Nurse! thy rigid lore
With patience many a year she bore
What sorrow was thou hadst her know
And from her own she learn'd to melt at
others woe

! ! ! /
! Scared at thy frown terrific fly !
Self pleasing Folly's idle brood

HYMN TO ADVERSITY

Wild Laughter, Noise, and thoughtless
Joy,
And leave us leisure to be good
Light they disperse, and with them go
The summer Friend, the flatt'ring Foe,
By vain Prosperity received,
To her they vow their truth, and are
again believ'd

Wisdom in sable garb array'd,
Immers'd in rapt'rous thought profound,
And Melancholy, silent maid,
With leaden eye that loves the ground,
Still on thy solemn steps attend
Warm Charity, the general Friend,
With Justice, to herself severe,
And Pity, dropping soft the sadly-pleasing
tear

Oh! gently on thy Suppliant's head,
Dread Goddess, lay thy chast'ning hand!
Not in thy Gorgon terror's clad,
Not circled with the vengeful Band
(As by the Impious thou art seen)
With thund'ring voice, and threat'ning
mien,
With screaming Horror's funeral cry,
Despair, and fell Disease, and ghastly
Poverty

HYMN TO ADVERSITY

Thy form benign oh goddess wear
Thy milder influence impart
Thy philosophic Train be there
To soften not to wound my heart
The generous spark extinct revive
Teach me to love and to forgive
Exact my own defects to scan
What others are to feel and know myself
I am a Man

The Progress of Poesy



I 1

Awake, Æolian lyre, awake,
And give to rapture all thy trembling
strings

* From Helicon's harmonious springs
A thousand rills their mazy progress take
The laughing flowers, that round them
blow,

Drink life and fragrance as they flow
Now the rich stream of music winds along,
Deep, majestic, smooth, and strong,
'Thro' verdant vales, and Ceres' golden
reign

Now rowling down the steep amain,
Headlong, impetuous, see it pour,
The rocks and nodding groves rebellow to
the roar

I 2

Oh! Sovereign of the willing soul,
Parent of sweet and solemn-breathing airs,
Enchanting shell! the sullen Cares
And frantic Passions hear thy soft con-
troul

THE PROGRESS OF POESY

On Thracia's hills the Lord of War
Has curbed the fury of his car
And drop'd his thirsty lance at thy com-
mand
Perching on the sceptred hand
Of Jove thy magic lulls the feather'd
king
With ruffled plumes and flagging wing
Quench'd in dark clouds of slumber lie
The terror of his beak and lightnings of
his eye

1 3

Thee the voice the dance obey
Temper'd to thy warbled lay
O'er Idalia's velvet green
The rosy-crowned Loves are seen
On Cytherea's day
With antic Sport and blue-eyed Pleasures
Frisking light in frolic measures
Now pursuing now retreating
Now in circling troops they meet
To brisk notes in cadence beating
Glance their many twinkling feet
Slow melting strains their Queens ap-
proach declare
Where'er she turns the Graces homage
pay
With arms sublime that float upon the
air

THE PROGRESS OF POESY

In gliding state, she wins her easy
way
O'er her warm cheek, and rising bosom,
move
The bloom of young Desire, and purple
light of Love.

III

Man's feeble race what Ills await!
Labour, and Penury, the racks of Pain,
Disease, and Sorrow's weeping train,
And Death, sad refuge from the storms
of Fate!

The fond complaint, my Song, disprove,
And justify the laws of Jove
Say, has he giv'n in vain the heav'nly
Muse?

Night and all her sickly dews,
Her Spectres wan, and Birds of boding
cry,

He gives to range the dreary sky,
Till down the eastern cliffs afar
Hyperion's march they spy, and glitt'ring
shafts of war

II 2

In climes beyond the solar road,
Where shaggy forms o'er ice-built moun-
tains roam,

THE PROGRESS OF POESY

The Muse has broke the twilight gloom
To cheer the shivering Natives' dull
abode
And oft beneath the odorous shade
Of Chili's boundless forests laid
She deigns to hear the savage Youth re-
peat
In loose numbers wildly sweet
Their feather-cinctured Chiefs and dusky
Loves
Her track where'er the Goddess roves
Glory pursue and generous Shame
Th' unconquerable Mind and Freedom's
holy flame

II 3

Woods that wave o'er Delphi's steep
Isles that crown th' Ægean deep
Fields that cool Ilissus laves
Or where Mæander's amber waves
In lingering Labyrinths creep
How do your tuneful Echoes languish
Mute but to the voice of Anguish!
Where each old poetic Mountain
Inspiration breath'd around
Ev'ry shade and hallow'd Fountain
Murmur'd deep a solemn sound
Till the sad Nine in Greece's evil hour
Left their Parnissus for the Latian
plains

THE PROGRESS OF POESY

Alike they scorn the pomp of tyrant-
Power,
And coward Vice, that revels in her
chains
When Latium had her lofty spirit lost,
They sought, oh Albion! next thy sea-
encircled coast

III

Far from the sun and summer-gale,
In thy green lap was Nature's Darling
laid,
What time, where lucid Avon stray'd,
To him the mighty Mother did unveil
Her awful face the dauntless Child
Stretch'd forth his little arms, and smil'd
"This pencil take (she said), whose colours
clear,
Richly paint the vernal year
Thine too these golden keys, immortal
Boy!
This can unlock the gates of Joy,
Of Horror that, and thrilling Fears,
Or ope the sacred source of sympathetic
Tears"

THE PROGRESS OF POESY

1 11 III 2 1 1 1

Nor second He that rode sublime
Upon the seraph wings of Extasy
The secrets of th Abyss to spy
He pass'd the flaming bounds of Place
and Time
The living Throne the sapphire blaze
Where Angels tremble while they gaze
He saw but blasted with excess of light
Clos'd his eyes in endless night
Behold where Dryden's less presumptuous
car
Wide o'er the fields of Glory bear
Two Coursers of ethereal race
With necks in thunder cloath'd and long
resounding pace

III 3

Hark his hands the lyre explore!
Bright eyed Fancy hovering o'er
Scatters from her pictur'd urn
Thoughts that breathe and words that burn
But ah! 't is heard no more—
Oh! Lyre divine what daring Spirit
Wakes thee now? Tho' he inherit
Nor the pride nor ample pinion
That the Theban Eagle bear
Sailing with supreme dominion
Thro' the azure deep of air

THE PROGRESS OF POESY

Yet oft before his infant eyes would run
Such forms as glitter in the Muse's
ray,
With orient hues, unborrow'd of the Sun.
Yet shall he mount, and keep his distant way
Beyond the limits of a vulgar fate,
Beneath the Good how far!—but far above
the Great.

Oliver Goldsmith

The Deserted Village

Sweet Auburn! loveliest village of the
plain

Where health and plenty cheer'd the
labouring swain

Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid
And parting summers ling'ring blooms
delay'd

Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease
Seats of my youth when every sport could
please

How often have I loiter'd o'er thy green
Where humble happiness endear'd each
scene!

How often have I paus'd on every charm
The shelter'd cot the cultivated farm
The never failing brook the busy mill
The decent church that topt the neighb'ring
hill

The hawthorn bush with seats beneath
the shade

For talking age and whispering lovers
made!

THE DESERTED VILLAGE

How often have I blest the coming day,
When toil remitting lent its turn to play,
And all the village train, from labour free,
Led up their sports beneath the spreading
tree,

While many a pastime circled in the shade,
The young contending as the old survey'd,
And many a gambol frolick'd o'er the
ground,

And sleights of art and feats of strength
went round

And still, as each repeated pleasure tir'd,
Succeeding sports the mirthful band in-
spn'd;

The dancing pair that simply sought re-
nown

By holding out to tire each other down,
The swain mistrustless of his smutted face,
While secret laughter titter'd round the
place,

The bashful virgin's side-long looks of
love,

The matron's glance that would those
looks reprove

These were thy charms, sweet village!
sports like these,

With sweet succession, taught even toil
to please

These round thy bowers their cheerful in-
fluence shed

THE DESERTED VILLAGE

These were the charms—but all these
charms are fled

Sweet smiling village loveliness of the
lawn

Thy sports are fled and all the charms
withdrawn

Are dost thy bowers the tyrant's hand is
seen

And desolation sadd'ns all thy green

One only master grasps the whole domain

And half a tillage stint thy seeds are sown

No more thy glassy brook reflects the sky

But chowd with sedge work it weeds
away

Along thy glade a solitary pasture

The hollow-sounding luteen guards its
nest

Amidst thy desert walks the lapwing Pies

And tires the echoes with unvaried cries

Sunk are thy bowers in hapless ruin all

And the long grass o'ertops the mould'ring
wall

And trembling shrinking from the spoiler's
hand

Far far away thy children leave the land

All fires th' land to hast'ning illa prey

Where wealth accumulates and men de-
cay

Princes and lords may flourish or may
fade

THE DESERTED VILLAGE

A breath can make them, as a breath has
made
But a bold peasantry, their country's
pride,
When once destroy'd, can never be supply'd
A time there was, ere England's griefs
began,
When every rood of ground maintain'd
its man,
For him light labour spread her whole-
some store,
Just gave what life requir'd, but gave no
more
His best companions, innocence and health,
And his best riches, ignorance of wealth
But times are altered, trade's unfeeling
train
Usurp the land and dispossess the swain,
Along the lawn, where scatter'd hamlets
rose,
Unwieldy wealth and cumbrous pomp re-
pose,
And every want to opulence ally'd,
And every pang that folly pays to pride
These gentle hours that plenty bade to
bloom,
Those calm desires that ask'd but little
room,
Those healthful sports that grac'd the
peaceful scene,

THE DESERTED VILLAGE

Liv'd in each look and brighten'd all
the green

These far departing seek a kinder shore
And rural mirth and manners are no more

Sweet Auburn! parent of the blissful hour
Thy glades forlorn confess the tyrant's
power

Here as I take my solitary rounds
Amidst thy tangling walks and ruin'd
grounds

And many a year elaps'd return to view
Where once the cottage stood the haw
thorn grew

Remembrance wakes with all her busy
train

Swells at my breast and turns the past
to pain

In all my wanderings round this world
of care

In all my griefs—and God has giv'n my
share—

I still had hopes my latest hours to crown
Amidst these humble bowers to lay me
down

To husband out life's taper at the close
And keep the flame from wasting by re-
pose

I still had hopes for pride attends us still
Amidst the swains to show my book
learn'd skill

THE DESERTED VILLAGE

Around my fire an evening group to draw,
And tell of all I felt, and all I saw,
And, as an haire whom hounds and horns
 ' ' pursue
Pants to the place from whence at first
 he flew,
I still had hopes, my long vexations past,
Here to return—and die at home at last
 ' 'O blest retirement,' friend to life's de-
 cline,
Retreats from care, that never must be
 mine,
How happy he who crowns in shades like
 these
A youth of labour with an age of ease,
Who quits 'a world where strong tempta-
 tions try,
And, since 'tis hard to combat, learns to
 fly!
For him no wretches, born to work and
 weep,
Explore the mine, or tempt the dang'rous
 deep,
No surly porter stands in guilty state,
To spurn imploring famine from the gate,
But on he moves to meet his latter end,
Angels around befriending Virtue's friend,
Bends to the grave with 'unperceiv'd
 decay,
While resignation gently slopes the way,

THE DESERTED VILLAGE

And all his prospects brightning to the
last

His heaven commences ere the world be
past¹

Sweet was the sound when oft at ev'n
ings close

Up yonder hill the village murmur rose
There as I past with careless steps and
slow

The mingling notes came soften'd from
below

The swain responsive as the milk-maid
sung

The sober herd that low'd to meet their
young

The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool

The playful children just let loose from
school

The watch-dog's voice that bay'd the
whispering wind

And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant
mind —

These all in sweet confusion sought the
shade

And fill'd each pause the nightingale had
made

But now the sounds of population fail

No cheerful murmurs fluctuate in the gale

No busy steps the grass-grown foot-way
tread

THE DESERTED VILLAGE

For all the bloomy flush of life is fled
All but yon widow'd, solitary thing,
That feebly bends beside the plashy spring
She, wretched matron, forc'd in age, for
 bread,
To strip the brook with mantling cresses
 spread,
To pick her wintry faggot from the thorn,
To seek her nightly shed, and weep till
 morn,
She only left of all the harmless train,
The sad historian of the pensive plain
 Near yonder copse, where once the
 garden smil'd,
And still where many a garden flower
 grows wild,
There, where a few torn shrubs the place
 disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion
 rose
A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a
 year,
Remote from towns he ran his godly
 race,
Nor e'er had chang'd, nor wish'd to
 change his place,
Unpractis'd he to fawn, or seek for power,
By doctrines fashion'd to the varying
 hour,

THE DESERTED VILLAGE

Far other aims his heart had learn'd to
prize
More skilled to rouse the wretched than
to rise
His house was known to all the vagrant
train
He chid their wanderings but relieved
their pain
The long remember'd beggar was his
guest
Whose beard descending swept his aged
breast
The ruin'd spendthrift now no longer
proud
Claim'd kindred there and had his claims
allow'd
The broken soldier kindly bade to stay
Sat by his fire and talk'd the night
away
Wept o'er his wounds or tales of sorrow
done
Shoulder'd his crutch and shew'd how
fields were won
Pleas'd with his guests the good man
learn'd to glow
And quite forgot their vices in their woe
Careless their merits or their faults to scan
His pity gave ere charity began
Thus to relieve the wretched was his
pride

THE DESERTED VILLAGER

And ev'n his feelings lean'd to Virtue's side,
But in his duty prompt at every call,
He watch'd and wept, he pray'd and felt
for all,
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries
To tempt its new-fledg'd offspring to the
skies,
He tried each art, reprov'd each dull
delay,
Allur'd to brighter worlds, and led the
way
Beside the bed where parting life was
laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain by turns dis-
mayed,
The rev'rend champion stood At his
controul
Despair and anguish fled the struggling
soul,
Comfort came down the trembling wretch
to raise,
And his last falt'ring accents whisper'd
praise
At church, with meek and unaffected
grace,
His looks adorn'd the venerable place,
Truth from his lips prevail'd with double
sway,
And fools, who came to scoff, remain'd
to pray

THE DESERTED VILLAGER

The service past around the pious man
With steady zeal each honest rustic ran
Even children followed with endearing
wile
And pluck'd his gown to share the good
man's smile
His ready smile a parent's warmth ex-
prest
Their welfare pleased him and their cares
distrest
To them his heart his love his graces
were given
But all his serious thoughts had rest in
heaven
As some tall cliff that lifts its awful
form
Swells from the vale and midway leaves
the storm
Though round its breast the rolling clouds
are spread
Eternal sunshine settles on its head
Beside yon straggling fence that skirts
the way
With blossom'd furze unprofitably gay
There in his noisy mansion skill'd to
rule
The village master taught his little school
A man severe he was and stern to view
I knew him well and every truant
knew

THE DESERTED VILLAGE

Well had the boding tremblers learn'd to
trace

The day's disasters in his morning face,
Full well they laugh'd with counterfeited
glee

At all his jokes, for many a joke had he,
Full well the busy whisper circling round
Convey'd the dismal tidings when he
frown'd

Yet he was kind, or, if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in
fault,

The village all declar'd how much he
knew

'Twas certain he could write, and cypher
too,

Lands he could measure, terms and tides
presage,

And even the story ran that he could
gauge

In arguing, too, the parson own'd his skill,
For, ev'n though vanquish'd, he could argue
still,

While words of learned length and thun-
d'ring sound

Amaz'd the gazing rustics rang'd around,
And still they gaz'd, and still the wonder
grew,

That one small head could carry all he
knew

THE DESERTED VILLAGE

But past is all his fame The very
spot
Where many a time he triumph'd is for
got
Near yonder thorn that lifts its head on
high
Where once the sign post caught the
passing eye
Low lies that house where nut brown
draughts inspir'd
Where grey beard mirth and snuling toil
retir'd
Where village statesmen talk'd with looks
profound
And news much older than their nie went
round
Imagination fondly stoops to trace
The parlour splendours of that festive
place
The white wash'd wall the nicely sanded
floor
The varnish'd clock that click'd behind
the door
The chest contriv'd a double debt to pay
A bed by night a chest of drawers by
day
The pictures plac'd for ornament and
use
The twelve good rules the royal game of
goose

THE DESERTED VILLAGE

The hearth, except when winter chill'd
the day,
With aspen boughs and flowers and fennel
gay,
While broken tea-cups, wisely kept for
shew,
Rang'd o'er the chimney, glisten'd in a
row
Vain transitory splendours! could not
all
Reprieve the tott'ring mansion from its
fall?
Obscure it sinks, nor shall it more im-
part
An hour's importance to the poor man's
heart
Thither no more the peasant shall repair
To sweet oblivion of his daily care,
No more the farmer's news, the barber's
tale,
No more the wood-man's ballad shall pre-
vail,
No more the smith his dusky brow shall
clear,
Relax his pond'rous strength, and lean
to hear,
The host himself no longer shall be
found
Careful to see the mantling bliss go
round,

THE DESERTED VILLAGE

Nor the coy maid half willing to be
prest

Shall I iss the cup to pass it to the rest

Yes! let the rich deride the proud dis-
dain

These simple blessings of the lowly train
To me more dear congenial to my heart
One native charm than all the gloss of
art

Spontaneous joys where Nature has its
play

The soul adopts and owns their first
born sway

Lightly they frolic o'er the vacant mind
Unenvy'd unmolested unconfin'd

But the long pomp the midnight mas-
querade

With all the freaks of wanton wealth ar-
ray'd—

In these ere triflers half their wish ob-
tain

The toiling pleasure sickens into pain

And ev'n while fashion's brightest arts
decoy

The heart distrusting asks if this be
joy

Ye friends to truth ye statesmen who
survey

The rich man's joys increase the poor's
decay

THE DESERTED VILLAGE

'Tis yours to judge, how wide the limits
stand
Between a' splendid and an happy land
Proud swells the tide with loads of
freighted ore,
And shouting Folly hails them from her
shore,
Hoards ev'n beyond the miser's wish
abound,
And rich men flock from all the world
around
Yet count our gains This wealth is but
a name
That leaves our useful product still the
same
Not so the loss The man of wealth and
pride
Takes up a space that many poor sup-
ply'd,
Space for his lake, his park's extended
bounds,
Space for his horses, equipage, and
hounds
The robe that wraps his limbs in silken
sloth
Has robb'd the neighbouring fields of half
their growth,
His seat, where solitary sports are seen,
Indignant spurns the cottage from the
green

THE DESERTED VILLAGE

Around the world each needful product
flies
For all the luxuries the world supplies
While thus the land adorned for pleasure
all
In barren splendour seebly waits the fall
As some fair female undorn'd and
plain
Secure to please while youth confirms her
reign
Slights every borrow'd charm that dress
supplies
Nor shares with yet the triumph of her
eyes
But when those charms are past for
charms are frail
When time advances and when lovers
fail
She then shines forth solicitous to bless
In all the glaring impotence of dress
Thus fares the land by luxury betray'd
In nature's simplest charms at first array'd
But verging to decline its splendours
rise
Its vistas strike its palaces surprise
While scourg'd by famine from the smil-
ing land
The mournful peasant leads his humble
band

THE DESERTED VILLAGE

And while he sinks, without one arm, to
 save,
The country blooms — a garden and a
 grave
Where then, ah! where, shall poverty
 reside,
To 'scape the pressure of contiguous pride?
If to some common's fenceless limits
 stray'd
He drives his flock to pick the scanty
 blade,
Those fenceless fields the sons of wealth
 divide,
And even the bare-worn common is deny'd
 If to the city sped — what waits him
 there?
To see profusion that he must not share,
To see ten thousand baneful arts combin'd
To pamper luxury, and thin mankind,
To see those joys the sons of pleasure
 know
Extorted from his fellow-creature's woe
Here while the courtier glitters in brocade,
There the pale artist plies the sickly
 trade,
Here while the proud their long-drawn
 pomps display,
There the black gibbet glooms beside the
 way

THE DISTASTED VILLAGE

The dome where Pleasure holds her mild-
edict reign
Here richly deckt admits the gorgeous
train
Tumultuous prandeur crowds the blazing
square
The rattling chariots clash the torches
flare
Sure scenes like these no troubles e'er
annoy
Sure these denote one universal joy!
Are these thy serious thoughts?—Ah turn
thine eyes
Where the poor houseless shivering female
lies
She once perhaps in village plenty
lived
Has wept at tales of innocence distress
Her modest looks the cottage might
adorn
Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the
thorn
Now lost to all her friends her virtue
sold
Near her betrayer's door she lays her
head
And palls with cold and shivering
from the cold
With heavy heart & sighs that he alas
is dead

THE DESERTED VILLAGE

When idly first, ambitious of the town,
She left her wheel and robes of country
brown "

Do thine, sweet Auburn, — thine, the
loveliest train,—

Do thy fair tribes participate her pain?
Even now, perhaps, by cold and hunger
led,

At proud men's doors they ask a little
bread!

Ah, no! To distant climes, a dreary
scene,

Where half the convex world intrudes
between,

Through torrid tracts with fainting steps
they go,

Where wild Altama murmurs to their woe
Far different 'there from all that charm'd
before

The various terrors of that horrid shore,
Those blazing suns that dart a downward
ray,

And fiercely shed intolerable day,
Those matted woods, where birds forget
to sing,

But silent bats in drowsy clusters cling,
Those 'pois'nous fields with 'rank 'luxuri-
ance crown'd,

Where 'the dark scorpion gathers death
around,

THE DESERTED VILLAGE

Where at each step the stranger fears to
wake
The rattling terrors of the vengeful snake
Where crouching tigers wait their hapless
prey
And savage men more murderous still
than they
While oft in whirls the mad tornado
flies
Mingling the ravaged landscape with the
skies
Far different these from every former
scene
The cooling brook the grassy vested
green
The breezy covert of the warbling grove
That only shelter'd thefts of harmless
love
Good Heaven! what sorrows gloom'd
that parting day
That call'd them from their native walks
away
When the poor exiles every pleasure
past
Hung round the bowers and fondly look'd
their last
And took a long farewell and wish'd in
vain
For cuts like these beyond the western
main

THE DESERTED VILLAGE

And shudd'ring still to face the distant
deep,
Return'd and wept, and still return'd to
weep
The good old sire the first prepar'd to
go
To new-found worlds, and wept for others'
woe,
But for himself in conscious virtue brave,
He only wish'd for worlds beyond the
grave
His lovely daughter, lovelier in her tears,
The fond companion of his helpless years,
Silent went next, neglectful of her charms,
And left a lover's for a father's arms
With louder plaints the mother spoke her
woes,
And blest the cot where every pleasure
rose,
And kist her thoughtless babes with many
a tear,
And claspt them close, in sorrow doubly
dear,
Whilst her fond husband strove to lend
relief
In all the silent manliness of grief
' O luxury! thou curst by Heaven's de-
cree,
How ill exchang'd are things like these
for thee!

THE DESERTED VILLAGE

How do thy potions with insidious joy
Diffuse their pleasure only to destroy!
Kingdoms by thee to sickly greatness
grown

Boast of a florid vigour not their own
At every draught more large and large
they grow

A bloated mass of rank unwieldy woe
Till sapped their strength and every part
unsound

Down down they sink and spread a ruin
round

Even now the devastation is begun
And half the business of destruction done
Even now methinks is pondering here
I stand

I see the rural virtues leave the land
Down where yon anchoring vessel spreads
the sail

That idly waving flaps with every gale
Downward they move a melancholy band
Pass from the shore and darken all the
strand

Contented toil and hospitable care
And kind connubial tenderness are there
And piety with wishes plac'd above
And steady loyalty and faithful love
And thou sweet Poetry thou loveliest
maid

Still first to fly where sensual joy invade

THE DESERTED VILLAGE

Unfit in these degen'rate times of shame
To catch the heart, or strike for honest
fame,

Dear charming nymph, neglected and
decry'd,

My shame in crowds, my solitary pride,
Thou source of all my bliss, and all my
woe,

That found'st me poor at first, and keep'st
me so,

Thou guide by which the nobler arts
excel,

Thou nurse of every virtue, fare thee
well!

Farewell, and O! where'er thy voice be
try'd,

On Torno's cliffs, or Pambamarca's side,
Whether where equinoctial fervours glow,
Or Winter wraps the polar world in
snow,

Still let thy voice, prevailing over time,
Redress the rigours of th' inclement
clime,

Aid slighted truth with thy persuasive
strain,

Teach erring man to spurn the rage of
gain,

Teach him, that states of native strength
possess,

Though very poor, may still be very blest,

THE DESERTED VILLAGE

That trade's proud empire hastes to swift
decay

As ocean sweeps the labour'd mole away

While self dependent power can time
defy

As rocks resist the billows and the sky

The Traveller,
Or, a Prospect
of Society



Remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow,
Or by the lazy Scheld or wandering Po,
Or onward, where the rude Carinthian
boor

Against the houseless stranger shuts the
door,

Or where Campania's plain forsaken lies,
A weary waste expanding to the skies,
Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,
My heart untravell'd fondly turns to thee,
Still to my brother turns, with ceaseless
pain,

And drags at each remove a lengthening
chain

Eternal blessings crown my earliest
friend,

And round his dwelling guardian saints
attend

Blest be that spot where cheerful guests
retire

To pause from toil, and trim their ev'ning
fire

THE TRAVELLER

Blest that abode where want and pain
repair

And every stranger finds a ready chair
Blest be those feasts with simple plenty
crown'd

Where all the ruddy family around
Laugh at the jests or pranks that never furl
Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale
Or press the bashful stranger to his food
And learn the luxury of doing good

But me not destin'd such delights to
share

My prime of life in wandering spent and
care

Impell'd with steps unceasing to pursue
Some fleeting good that mocks me with
the view

That like the circle bounding earth and
skies

Allures from far yet as I follow flies
My fortune leads to traverse realms alone
And find no spot of all the world my own

Even now where Alpine solitudes ascend
I sit me down a pensive hour to spend
And plac'd on high above the storm's
career

Look downward where an hundred realms
appear

Lakes forests cities plains extending
wide

THE IRVING

The pomp of kings, the shepherd's lumber
pride

When thus Creation's charms combine
combine,

Amidst the store should thankless pride
rejoice?

Say, should the philosophic mind disdain
That good which makes each humble
bosom vain?

Let school-taught pride dissemble all it can,
These little things are great to little man,
And wiser he, whose sympathetic mind
Exults in all the good of all mankind
Ye glitt'ring towns, with wealth and splen-
dour crown'd,

Ye fields, where summer spreads profusion
round,

Ye lakes, whose vessels catch the busy
gale,

Ye bending swans, that dress the flow'ry
vale,

For me your tributary stores combine
Creation's heir, the world, the world is
mine

As some lone miser, visiting his store,
Bends at his treasure, counts, recounts it
o'er,

Hoards after hoards his rising raptures fill,
Yet still he sighs, for hoards are wanting
still

THE TRAVELLER

Thus to my breast alternate passions rise
Pleased with each good that Heaven to
man supplies

Yet oft a sigh prevails and sorrows fall
To see the hoard of human bliss so small
And oft I wish amidst the scene to find
Some spot to real happiness consign'd
Where my worn soul each wandering hope
at rest

May gather bliss to see my fellows blest
But where to find that happiest spot
below

Who can direct when all pretend to know?
The shudd'ring tenant of the frigid zone
Boldly proclaims that happiest spot his
own

Extols the treasures of his stormy seas
And his long nights of revelry and ease
The naked negro pointing at the line
Boasts of his golden sands and palmy
wine

Basks in the glare or stems the tepid
wave

And thanks his gods for all the good they
gave

Such is the patriot's boast where'er we
roam

His first best country ever is at home
And yet perhaps if countries we com-
pare

THE TRAVELLER

And estimate the blessings which they
share,

Though patriots flatter, still shall wisdom
find

An equal portion dealt to all mankind,
As different good, by Art or Nature given,
To different nations makes their blessings
even.

Nature, a mother kind alike to all,
Still grants her bliss at Labour's earnest
call.

With food as well the peasant is supply'd
On Idra's cliffs as Arno's shelvy side,
And though the rocky crested summits
frown,

These rocks by custom turn to beds of
down

From Art more various are the blessings
sent,

Wealth, commerce, honour, liberty, content
Yet these each other's pow'r so strong
contest,

That either seems destructive of the rest
Where wealth and freedom reign, content-
ment fails

And honour sinks where commerce long
prevails

Hence ev'ry state, to one lov'd blessing
prone,

Conforms and models life to that alone

THE TRAVELLER

Each to the fav'rite happiness attends /
And spurns the plan that aims at other
ends

'Till carried to excess in each domain
This fav'rite good begets peculiar pain
But let us try these truths with closer
eyes

And trace them through the prospect as
it lies

Here for a while my proper cares resign'd
Here let me sit in sorrow for mankind
Like yon neglected shrub at random cast
That shades the steep and sighs at ev'ry
blast

Far to the right where Apennine as-
cends

Bright as the summer Italy extends
Its uplands sloping deck the mountain's
side

Woods over woods in gay theatric pride
While oft some temple's mould'ring tops
between

With venerable grandeur mark the scene
Could Nature's bounty satisfy the breast
The sons of Italy were surely blest
Whatever fruits in different climes were
found

That proudly rise or humbly court the
ground

Whatever blooms in torrid tracts appear

THE TRAVELLER

Whose bright succession decks the varied
year,
Whatever sweets salute the northern sky
With vernal lives, that blossom but to die,
These, here disporting, own the kindred
soil,
Nor ask luxuriance from the planter's toil,
While sea-born gales their gelid wings
expand
To winnow fragrance round the smiling
land
But small the bliss that sense alone
bestows,
And sensual bliss is all the nation knows
In florid beauty groves and fields appear,
Man seems the only growth that dwindles
here
Contrasted faults through all his manners
reign
Though poor, luxurious, though submis-
sive, vain,
Though grave, yet trifling, zealous, yet
untrue,
And ev'n in penance planning sins anew
All evils here contaminate the mind
That opulence departed leaves behind;
For wealth was theirs, not far remov'd
the date
When commerce proudly flourish'd through
the state,

THE TRAVELLER

At her command the palace learnt to rise
Again the long fall'n column sought the
 skies
The canvas glow'd beyond e'en Nature
 warm,
The pregnant quarry teem'd with human
 form
Till more unsteady than the southern gale
Commerce on other shores display'd her
 sail
While nought remain'd of all that riches
 gave
But towns unmann'd and lords without
 a slave
And late the nation found with fruitless
 skill
Its former strength was but plethoric ill
 Yet still the loss of wealth is here sup-
 ply'd
By arts the splendid wrecks of former
 pride
From these the feeble heart and long fall'n
 mind
An easy compensation seem'd to find
Here may be seen, in bloodless pomp
 array'd
The paste-board triumph and the caval-
 cade
Processions form'd for piety and love
A mistress or a saint in every grove
 (297) 1241 M

THE TRAVELLER

By sports like these are all their cares
beguil'd,

The sports of children satisfy the child
Each nobler aim, repress'd by long controul,
Now sinks at last, or feebly mans the soul,
While low delights, succeeding fast behind,
In happier meanness occupy the mind
As in those domes where Cæsars once bore
sway,

Defac'd by time and tott'ring in decay,
There in the ruin, heedless of the dead,
The shelter-seeking peasant builds his
shed,

And, wond'ring man could want the larger
pile,

Exults, and owns his cottage with a smile
My soul, turn from them, turn we to
survey,

Where rougher climes a nobler race dis-
play,

Where the bleak Swiss their stormy man-
sions tread,

And force a churlish soil for scanty bread
No product here the barren hills afford,
But man and steel, the soldier and his
sword

No vernal blooms their torpid rocks array,
But winter ling'ring chills the lap of May
No Zephyr fondly sues the mountain's
breast,

THE TRAILLEP

But meteors glare and stormy glooms in
vest

Yet still even here content can spread
a charm

Redress the clinic and all its rage dis
arm

Though poor the peasant's hut his feasts
though small

He sees his little lot the lot of all

Sees no contiguous palace rear its head

To shame the meanness of his humble
shed

No costly lord the sumptuous banquet deal
To make him loath his vegetable meal

But calm and bred in ignorance and toil

Each wish contracting fits him to the soil

Cheerful at morn he wakes from short
repose

Breathes the keen air and carols as he
goes

With patient angle trolls the finny deep

Or drives his ventrous plow share to the
steep

Or seeks the den where snow tracks mark
the way

And drags the struggling savage into day

At night returning every labour sped

He sits him down the monarch of a shed

Smiles by his cheerful fire and round
surveys

THE TRAVELLER

His children's looks, that brighten 'at the
blaze,
While his lov'd partner, boastful of her
hoard,
Displays her cleanly platter on the board
And haply too some pilgrim, thither led,
With many a tale repays the nightly bed
Thus every good his native wilds im-
part
Imprints the patriot passion on his heart,
And ev'n those ills that round his mansion
rise
'Enhance the bliss his scanty fund supplies
Dear is that shed to which his soul con-
forms,
And dear that hill which lifts him to the
storms,
And as a child, when scaring sounds
molest,
Clings close and closer to the mother's
'breast,
So the loud 'torrent and the whirlwind's
roar
But bind him to his native mountains
more
'Such are the charms 'to barren states
assign'd,
Their wants but few, their wishes all con-
fin'd,
Yet let them only share the praises due

THE TRAVELLER

If few their wants their pleasures are but
few

For every want that stimulates the breast
Becomes a source of pleasure when redrest
Whence from such lands each pleasing
science flies

That first excites desire and then supplies
Unknown to them when sensual pleasures
cloy

To fill the languid pause with finer joy
Unknown those powers that raise the soul
to flame

Catch every nerve and vibrate through
the frame

Their level life is but a smouldering fire
Unquench'd by want unsann'd by strong
desire

Unfit for raptures or if raptures cheer
On some high festival of once a year
In wild excess the vulgar breast takes fire
Till buried in debauch the bliss expire
But not their joys alone thus coarsely
flow

Their morals like their pleasures are but
low

For as refinement stops from sire to son
Unalter'd unimprov'd the manners run
And loves and friendships finely pointed
dart

Fall blunted from each indurated heart

THE TRAVELLER

Some sterner virtues o'er the mountain's
breast
May sit, like falcons, cowl'd on the nest;
But all the gentler morals, such as play,
Through life's more cultur'd walks, and
charm the way,
These, far dispers'd, on tim'rous pinions
fly,
To sport and flutter in a kinder sky
To kinder skies, where gentler manners
reign,
I turn, and France displays her bright
domain
Gay, sprightly land of mirth and social
ease,
Pleas'd with thyself, whom all the world
can please,
How often have I led thy sportive choir,
With tuneless pipe, beside the murm'ring
Loire?
Where shading elms along the margin
grew,
And freshen'd from the wave the Zephyr
flew,
And haply, though my harsh touch, falt'r-
ing still,
But mock'd all tune, and marr'd the
dancer's skill,
Yet would the village praise my wondrous
pow'r,

THE TRAVELLER

And dance forgetful of the noon tide hour,
Alike all ages Dames of ancient days
Have led their children through the mirth-
ful maze

And the gay grand ire shild in gestic
lore

Has frisd beneath the burthen of three
score

So blest a life these thoughtless realms
display

Thus idly busy rolls their world away
Theirs are those arts that mind to mind
endear

For honour forms the social temple here
Honour that praise which real merit
gains

Or ev'n imaginary worth obtains
Here passes current paid from hand to
hand,

It shifts in splendid traffic round the land,
From courts to camps to cottages it
strays

And all are taught an avrice of praise
They please are pleas'd they give to get
esteem

Till, seeming blest they grow to what
they seem

But while this softer art their bliss sup-
plies

It gives their follies also room to rise

THE TRAVELLER

For praise too dearly lov'd, or warmly
sought,
Enfeebles all internal strength of thought,
And the weak soul, within itself unblest,
Leans for all pleasure on another's breast
Hence ostentation here, with tawdry art,
Pants for the vulgar praise which fools
impart,
Here vanity assumes her pert grimace,
And trims her robes of frize with copper
lace,
Here beggar pride defrauds her daily
cheer,
To boast one splendid banquet once a year,
The mind still turns where shifting fashion
draws,
Nor weighs the solid 'worth' of self-
'applause
To men of other minds my fancy flies,
Embosom'd in the deep where Holland lies
Methinks her patient sons before me stand,
Where the broad ocean leans against the
land,
And, sedulous to stop the coming tide,
Lift the tall rampire's artificial pride
Onward, methinks, and diligently slow,
The firm connected bulwark seems to
'grow',
Spreads its long arms amidst the 'wat'ry
roar,

THE TRAVELLER

Scoops out an empire and usurps the
shore

While the pent ocean rising o'er the pile
Sees an amphibious world beneath him
 | smile |

The slow canal the yellow blossom'd vale
The willow tufted bank the gliding sail
The crowded mart the cultivated plain —
A new creation rescued from his reign

Thus while around the wave subjected
soil

Impels the native to repeated toil
Industrious habits in each bosom reign,
And industry begets a love of gain
Hence all the good from opulence that
springs

With all those ill's superfluous treasure
brings

Are here display'd Their much lov'd
wealth imparts

Convenience plenty elegance and arts
But view them closer craft and fraud
appear

Even liberty itself is barter'd here
At gold's superior charms all freedom flies
The needy sell it and the rich man
buys

A land of tyrants and a den of slaves
Here wretches seek dishonourable graves
And calmly bent to servitude conform

THE TRAVELLER

Dull as their slakes that slumber in the
storm

Heavens! how unlike their Belgic sires
of old,

Rough, poor, content, ungovernably bold,
War in each breast, and freedom on each
brow.

How much unlike the sons of Britain now!

Fir'd at the sound, my genius spreads
her wing,

And flies where Britain courts the western
spring,

Where lawns extend that scorn Arcadian
pride,

And brighter streams than fam'd Hydaspis
glide

There all around the gentlest breezes
stray,

There gentle music melts on ev'ry spray;
Creation's mildest charms are there com-
bin'd,

Extremes are only in the master's mind!
Stern o'er each bosom Reason holds her
state,

With daring aims irregularly great,
Pride in their port, defiance in their eye,
I see the lords of human kind pass by,
Intent on high designs, a thoughtful band,
By forms unfashion'd, fresh from Nature's
hand,

THE TRAVELLER

Fierce in their native hardness of soul
True to imagin'd right above controul
While even the peasant¹ boasts these rights
to scan
And learns to venerate himself as man¹
Thine Freedom thine the blessings pic-
tur'd here
Thine are those charms that dazzle and
endear
Too blest indeed were such without alloy
But foster'd ev'n by Freedom ills annoy
That independence Britons prize too high¹
Keeps man from man and breaks the
social tie
The self-dependent lordlings stand alone
All claims that bind and sweeten life un-
known
Here by the bonds of nature feebly held
Minds combat minds repelling and re-
pell'd
Ferments arise imprison'd factions roar¹
Represt ambition struggles round her
shore
Till over wrought the gen'ral system
feels
Its motions stop or phrenzy fire the
wheels
Nor thus the worst As nature's ties
decay
As duty love and honour fail to sway¹

THE TRAVELLER

Fictitious bonds, the bonds of wealth and
law,

Still gather strength, and force unwilling
awe

Hence all obedience bows to these alone,
And talent sinks, and merit weeps un-
known

Till time may come, when, stript of all
her charms,

The land of scholars and the nurse of
arms,

Where noble stems transmit the patriot
flame,

Where kings have toil'd and poets wrote
for fame,

One sink of level avarice shall lie,
And scholars, soldiers, kings, unhonour'd

die

Yet think not, thus when Freedom's ills
I state,

I mean to flatter kings, or court the
great

Ye powers of truth that bid my soul
aspire,

Far from my bosom drive the low desire
And thou, fair Freedom, taught alike to
feel

The rabble's rage and tyrant's angry
steel,

Thou transitory flower, alike undone

THE TRAVELLER

By proud contempt or favour's fostering
sun

Still may thy blooms the changeful clime
endure!

I only would repress them to secure
For just experience tells in every soil
That those who think must govern those
that toil

And all that Freedom's highest aims can
reach

Is but to lay proportion'd loads on each!
Hence should one order disproportion'd
grow

Its double weight must ruin all below //
O then how blind to all that truth re-
quires

Who think it freedom when a part as-
pires!

Calm is my soul nor apt to rise in arms
Except when fast approaching danger
warms

But when contending chiefs blockade the
throne

Contracting regal power to stretch their
own

When I behold a factious band agree
To call it freedom when themselves are
free!

Each wanton judge new penal statutes
draw,

THE TRAVELLER

Laws grind the poor, and rich men rule
the law,
The wealth of climes where savage nations
roam
Pillag'd from slaves to purchase slaves at
home,
Fear, pity, justice, indignation start,
Tear off reserve, and bare my swelling
heart,
'Till half a patriot, half a coward grown,
I fly from petty tyrants to the throne
Yes, brother, curse with me that baleful
hour
When first ambition struck at regal power,
And thus polluting honour, in its source,
Gave wealth to sway the mind with double
force.
Have we not seen, round Britain's peopled
shore,
Her useful sons exchanged for useless
ore,
Seen all her triumphs but destruction
haste,
Like flaring tapers bright'ning, as they
waste?
Seen opulence, her grandeur to maintain,
Lead stern depopulation in her train,
And over fields where scatter'd hamlets
rose,
In barren solitary pomp repose?

THE TRAVELLER

Have we not seen at pleasure's lordly call
The smiling long frequented village fall?
Beheld the duteous son the sire decay'd
The modest matron and the blushing
maid

Forc'd from their homes a melancholy
train

To traverse climes beyond the western
main

Where wild Oswego spreads her swamps
around

And Niagara stuns with thund'ring sound?

Even now, perhaps as there some pil-
grim strays

Through tangled forests and through dan-
gerous ways

Where beasts with man divided empire
claim

And the brown Indian marks with murder-
ous aim

There while above the giddy tempest
flies

And all around distressful yells arise

The pensive, exile bending with his woe

To stop too fearful and too faint to go

Casts a long look where England's glories
shine

And bids his bosom sympathize with mine

Vain very vain my weary search to
find

THE TRAVELLER

'That bliss which only centres in the
mind
Why have I 'stray'd from pleasure and
repose,
To seek a good each government bestows?
In every government, though terrors reign,
Though tyrant kings or tyrant laws re-
strain,
How small, of all that human hearts en-
dure,
That part which laws or kings can cause
or cure,
Still 'to ourselves in every place consign'd,
Our own felicity we make or find
With secret course, which no loud storms
annoy,
Glides the 'smooth current of domestic
joy
The 'lifted ax, the agonizing wheel,
Luke's iron crown, and Damien's bed of
steel,
To men remote from pow'r but 'rarely
known,
Leave reason, faith, and conscience 'all
our own'

William Collins

The Passions

When Music heavenly maid was young
While yet in early Greece she sung
The Passions oft to hear her shell
Throng'd round her magic cell
Exulting trembling raging fainting
Possess'd beyond the Muse's painting
By turns they felt the glowing mind
Disturb'd delighted rous'd refin'd
Till once 'tis said when all were fir'd
Fill'd with fury rapt inspir'd
From the supporting myrtles round
They snatch'd her instruments of sound
And as they oft had heard apart
Sweet lessons of her forceful art
Each for madness rul'd the hour
Would prove his own expressive power

First Fear his hand its skill to try
Amid the chords bewild'ring laid
And back recoil'd he knew not why
Even at the sound himself had made

THE PASSIONS

Next Anger rush'd, his eyes on fire
In lightnings own'd his secret stings,
In one rude clash he struck the lyre,
And swept with hurried hand the strings

With woeful measures wan Despair,
Low sullen sounds, his grief beguill'd,
A solemn, strange, and mingled air,
'Twas sad by fits, by starts 'twas wild

But thou, O Hope, with eyes so fair,
What was thy delightful measure?
Still it whisper'd promis'd pleasure,
And bade the lovely scenes at distance
hail!

Still would her touch the strain prolong,
And from the rocks, the woods, the vale,
She call'd on Echo still through all the song,
And, where her sweetest theme she
chose,

A soft responsive voice was heard, at
every close,
And Hope enchanted smil'd, and wav'd
her golden hair
And longer had she sung, but, with a
frown,

Revenge impatient rose
He threw his blood-stain'd sword in thun-
der down,

THE PASSIONS

And with a withering look
The war-denouncing trumpet took
And blew a blast so loud and dread
Were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of
woe
And ever and anon he beat
The doubling drum with furious
heat
And though sometimes each dreary
pause between
Dejected Pity at his side
Her soul subduing voice applied
Yet still he kept his wild unaltered mien
While each strained ball of sight seemed
bursting from his head
Thy numbers Jealousy to nought were
fixed
Sad proof of thy distressful state
Of differing themes the veering song was
mixed
And now it courted Love now raving
called on Hate
With eyes upraised as one inspired
Pale Melancholy sat retired
And from her wild sequestered seat
In notes by distance made more sweet
Poured through the mellow horn her pen-
sive soul
And, dashing soft from rocks around/
Bubbling runnels joined the sound

THE PASSIONS

Through glades and glooms 'the mingled
"measure stole,"
Or o'er some haunted stream with fond
"delay,"
Round an holy calm diffusing,
Love of peace and lonely musing,
'In hollow murmurs died away
But, O, how alter'd was its sprightlier
'tone,
When Cheerfulness, a nymph of healthiest
hue,
Her bow across her shoulder flung,
Her buskins gem'd with morning dew,
Blew an inspiring air, that dale and thicket
rung,
The hunter's call to Faun and Dryad
known!
The oak-crowned sisters and their chaste-
ey'd queen,
Satyrs and sylvan boys, were seen,
Peeping from forth their alleys green,
Brown Exercise rejoic'd to hear,
And Sport leapt up and seiz'd his beechen
spear
Last came Joy's ecstatic trial
He, with viny crown advancing,
First to the lively pipe his hand 'addrest,
But soon he saw the brisk-awakening viol,
Whose sweet entrancing voice he lov'd
the best;

They would have thought, who heard
 ' the strain

They saw in Tempe's vale her native
 maids

Amidst the festal sounding shades
 To some unwearied minstrel dancing

While as his flying fingers kiss'd the
 strings

Love fram'd with Mirth a gay fantastic
 round

Loose were her tresses seen her zone
 unbound

And he amidst his frolic play
 As if he would the charming air repay
 Shook thousand odours from his dewy
 wings

O Music sphere-descended maid
 Friend of Pleasure Wisdom's aid
 Why goddess why to us denied
 Lay st thou thy ancient lyre aside?
 As in that lov'd Athenian bower
 You learn'd an all-commanding power
 Thy mimic soul O nymph endear'd
 Can well recall what then it heard
 Where is thy native simple heart
 Devote to Virtue Fancy Art?
 Arise as in that elder time
 Warm energetic chaste sublime!
 Thy wonders in that godlike age
 Fill thy recording sister's page

THE PASSIONS

'Tis sad, and I believe the tale,
Thy humblest reed could more prevail,
Had more of strength, diviner rage,
Than all which charms this laggard age
Ev'n all at once together found
Cecilia's mingled world of sound
O bid our vain endeavors cease,
Revive the just designs of Greece!
Return in all thy simple state!
Confirm the tales her sons relate!

Ode to
Evening

If aught of oaten stop or pastoral song
May hope chaste Eve to soothe thy modest
ear

Like thy own solemn springs
Thy springs and dying gales

O nymph reserv'd while now the bright
hard Sun

Sits in yon western tent whose cloudy
shirts

With brede ethereal wove

O'erhang his wavy bed

Now air is hush'd save where the weak
ey'd bat

With short shrill shriek flits by on
leathern wing

Or where the beetle winds

His small but sullen horn

As oft he rises midst the twilight path
Against the pilgrim borne in heedless hum

Now teach me maid compos'd

To breathe some soften'd strain

ODE TO EVENING

Whose numbers, stealing through thy
darkening vale,
May, not unseemly, with its stillness suit,
As, musing slow, I hail
Thy genial lov'd return!

For when thy folding-star arising shows
His paly circlet, at his warning lamp
The fragrant hours, and elves
Who slept in flowers the day,

And many a nymph who wreathes her
brows with sedge,
And sheds the freshening dew, and, lovelier
still,
The pensive pleasures sweet,
Prepare thy shadowy car

Then lead, calm votaress, where some
sheety lake
Cheers the lone heath, or, some time-
hallowed pile,
Or upland fallows gray
Reflect its last cool gleam

But when chill blustering winds, or driv-
ing rain,
Forbid my willing feet, be mine the hut
That from the mountain's side
Views wilds, and swelling floods,

ODE TO EVENING

And hamlets brown and dim discover'd
 spires

And hears their simple bell and marks
 o'er all

Thy dewy fingers draw

The gradual dusky veil

While Spring shall pour his showers as
 oft he wont

And bathe thy breathing tresses meekest
 Even!

While Summer loves to sport

Beneath thy lingering light

While fallow Autumn fills thy lap with
 leaves

Or Winter yelling through the troublous
 air

Affrights thy shrinking train

And rudely rends thy robes

So long sure found beneath the sylvan
 shed

Shall Fancy Friendship Science rose
 lipped Health

Thy gentlest influence own

And hymn thy favourite name!

Samuel Johnson

The Vanity of Human Wishes



Let Observation with extensive view
Survey mankind from China to Peru
Remark each anxious toil each eager
 strife
And watch the busy scenes of crowded
 life
Then say how hope and fear desire and
 hate
Overspread with snares the clouded maze
 of fate
Where wav'ring man betray'd by vent'rous
 pride
To tread the dre'ry paths without a guide
As treach'rous phantoms in the mist delude
Shuns fancied ills or chases airy good
How rarely reason guides the stubborn
 choice
Rules the bold hand or prompts the sup
 pliant voice
How nations sink by darling schemes
 oppress'd
When Vengeance listens to the fool's re
 quest

THE VANITY OF

Fate wings with ev'ry wish th' afflictive
 dart,
Each gift of nature and each grace of
 art,
With fatal heat impetuous courage glows,
With fatal sweetness elocution flows,
Impeachment stops the speaker's pow'rful
 breath,
And restless fire precipitates on death
 But, scarce observ'd, the knowing and
 the bold
Fall in the gen'ral massacre of gold;
Wide-wasting pest! that rages unconfin'd,
And crowds with crimes the records of
 mankind
For gold his sword the hireling ruffian
 draws,
For gold the hireling judge distorts the
 laws
Wealth heap'd on wealth nor truth nor
 safety buys,
The dangers gather as the treasures rise
Let hist'ry tell, where rival kings com-
 mand,
And dubious title shakes the maddened
 land,
When statutes glean the refuse of the
 sword,
How much more safe the vassal than the
 lord,

HUMAN WISHES

Low sculks the hind beneath the rage of
power
And leaves the wealthy traitor in the
Tower
Untouch'd his cottage and his slumbers
sound
Though Confiscation's vultures hover
round
The needy traveller serene and gay
Walks the wild heath, and sings his toil
away
Does envy seize thee? Crush th' upbraid
ing joy,
Increase his riches and his peace destroy
Now fears in dire vicissitude invade
The rustling brake alarms and quivering
shade
Nor light nor darkness bring his pain
relief —
One shows the plunder and one hides
the thief
Yet still one general cry the slaves assails
And gain and grandeur load the tainted
gales
Few know the toiling statesman's fear
or care
Th' insidious rival and the gaping heir
Once more Democritus arise on earth
With cheerful wisdom and instructive
mirth

THE VANITY OF

See motley 'life in modern trappings
dress'd,
And feed with varied fools th' eternal jest
Thou who couldst laugh where want en-
'chain'd caprice,
Toil crush'd conceit, and man was of a
piece,
Where wealth unlov'd without a mourner
died,
'And scarce a sycophant was fed by pride,
Where ne'er was known the form of mock
debate,
Or seen a new-made mayor's unwieldy
state,
Where change of fav'rites made no change
of laws,
And senates heard before they judg'd a
cause,
How wouldst thou shake at Britain's
modish tribe,
Dart the quick taunt, and edge the piercing
gibe!
'Attentive truth and nature to descry,
And pierce each scene with philosophick
eye
To thee were solemn toys or empty show
The robes of pleasure and the veils of
woe
All aid the farce, and all thy mirth main-
tain,

HUMAN WISHES

Whose joys are causeless or whose griefs
are vain

Such was the scorn that fill'd the sage's
mind

Renew'd at every glance on human kind
How just that scorn ere yet thy voice
declare

Search every state and canvass every
prayer

Unnumber'd suppliants crowd Prefer-
ment's gate

Athirst for wealth and burning to be
great

Delusive Fortune hears the incessant call
They mount they shine evaporate and
fall

On every stage the foes of peace attend
Hate dogs their flight and insult mocks
their end

Love ends with hope the sinking states
man's door

Pours in the morning worshipper no
more

For growing names the weekly scribbler
lies

To growing wealth the dedicator flies
From every room descends the painted
face

That hung the bright palladium of the
place

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THE VANITY OF

And smok'd in kitchens, or in auction sold,
To better features yields the frame of gold,
For now no more we trace in ev'ry line
Heroick worth, benevolence divine
The form distorted justifies the fall,
And detestation rids th' indignant wall

But will not Britain hear the last appeal,
Sign her foes' doom, or guard her fav'rites'
zeal?

Through Freedom's sons no more remons-
trance rings,
Degrading nobles and controlling kings,
Our supple tribes repress their patriot
throats,
And ask no questions but the price of votes,
With weekly libels and septennial ale,
Their wish is full to riot and to rail

In full-blown dignity see Wolsey stand,
Law in his voice, and fortune in his hand
To him the church, the realm, their pow'rs
consign,

Through him the rays of regal bounty
shine,

Turn'd by his nod the stream of honour
flows,

His smile alone security bestows
Still to new heights his restless wishes
tow'r,

Claim leads to claim, and pow'r advances
pow'r,

HUMAN WISHES

Till conquest unresisted ceas'd to please!
And rights submitted left him none to
seize

At length his sov'reign frowns — the train
of state

Mark the keen glance and watch the sign
to hate

Where'er he turns he meets a stranger's
eye

His suppliants scorn him and his followers
fly

Now drops at once the pride of awful
state

The golden canopy the glittering plate

The regal palace the luxurious board

The liv'd army and the mental lord

With age with cares with maladies op-
press'd

He seeks the refuge of monastick rest

Grief aids disease remember'd folly stings

And his last sighs reproach the faith of
kings

Speak thou whose thoughts at humble
peace repine —

Shall Wolsey's wealth with Wolsey's end
be thine?

Or hast thou now with sifter pride con-
tent

The wisest justice on the banks of
Trent?

THE VANITY OF

For why did Wolsey near the steeps of fate
On weak foundations raise th' enormous
weight?

Why, but to sink beneath misfortune's
blow,

With louder ruin, to the gulfs below?

What gave great Villiers to th' assassin's
knife,

And fix'd disease on Harley's closing life?

What murder'd Wentworth and what exile
Hyde,

By kings protected, and to kings allied?

What but their wish indulg'd in courts to
shine,

And pow'r too great to keep or to resign?

When first the college rolls receive his
name,

The young enthusiast quits his ease for
fame,

Resistless burns the fever of renown,

Caught from the strong contagion of the
gown.

O'er Bodley's dome his future labours
spread,

And Baton's mansion trembles o'er his
head

Are these thy views? Proceed, illustrious
youth,

And Virtue guard thee to the throne of
Truth!

HUMAN WISHES

Yet should thy soul indulge the gen'rous
heat

Till captive Science yields her last retreat
Should Reason guide thee with her bright
est ray

And pour on misty Doubt resistless day
Should no false kindness lure to loose
delight

Nor praise relax nor difficulty fright
Should tempting Novelty thy cell refrain
And Sloth effuse her opiate fumes in vain
Should Beauty blunt on fops her fatal
dart

Nor claim the triumph of a letter'd heart
Should no Disease thy torpid veins invade
Nor Melancholy's phantoms haunt thy
shade

Yet hope not life from grief or danger
free

Nor think the doom of man revers'd for
thee

Deign on the passing world to turn thine
eyes

And pause awhile from Letters to be
wise

There mark what ills the scholar's life
assail—

Toil envy want the patron and the gaol
Sec' nations slowly wise and meanly just
To buried merit raise the tardy bust

THE 'VANITY OF

If dreams yet flatter, once again attend,
Hear Lydiat's life and Gahleo's end
Nor deem, when Learning her last prize
bestows,
The glitt'ring eminence exempt from woes
See, when the vulgar 'scape, despis'd or
aw'd,
Rebellion's vengeful talons seize on Laud!
From meaner minds' though 'smaller fines
content,
The plunder'd palace or sequester'd rent,
Mark'd out by 'dang'rous parts he meets
the shock,
And fatal Learning leads him to the block
Around his tomb let Art and Genius weep,
But hear his 'death, ye blockheads, hear
and sleep
The festal blazes, the triumphal show,
The ravish'd standard, and the captive foe,
The Senate's thanks, the gazette's pompous
tale,
With force resistless o'er the brave prevail
Such bribes the rapid Greek o'er Asia
whirl'd,
For such the steady Romans shook the
world,
For such in distant lands the Britons
shine,
And stain with blood the Danube or the
Rhine

HUMAN WISHES

This pow'r has praise that virtue scarce
can warm
Till fame supplies the universal charm
Yet Reason frowns on War's unequal
game
Where wasted nations raise a single name
And mortgag'd states their grandsires
wreaths regret
From age to age in everlasting debt;
Wreaths which at last the dear bought
right convey
To rust on medals or on stones decay
On what foundation stands the warrior's
pride
How just his hopes let Swedish Charles
decide
A frame of adamant a soul of fire
No dangers fright him and no labours
tire
O'er love o'er fear extends his wide
domain
Unconquer'd lord of pleasure and of pain
No joys to him pacifick sceptres yield —
War sounds the trump he rushes to the
field
Behold surrounding kings their powers
combine
And one capitulate and one resign
Peace courts his hand but spreads her
charms in vain

THE VANITY OF

"Think nothing gain'd," he cries, "till
naught remain,

On Moscow's walls till Gothic standards
fly,

And all be mine beneath the polar sky "

The march begins in military state,

And nations on his eye suspended wait,

Stern Famine guards the solitary coast,

And Winter barricades the realms of Frost

He comes; nor want nor cold his course
delay,—

Hide, blushing Glory, hide Pultowa's day

The vanquish'd hero leaves his broken
bands,

And shows his miseries in distant lands,

Condemn'd a needy suppliant to wait,

While ladies interpose and slaves debate

But did not Chance at length her error
mend?

Did no subverted empire mark his end?

Did rival monarchs give the fatal wound?

Or hostile millions press him to the
ground?

His fall was destin'd to a barren strand,

A petty fortress, and a dubious hand

He left, the name, at which the world
grew pale,

To point a moral, or adorn a tale

All times their scenes of pompous woes
afford,

HUMAN WISHES

From Persia's tyrant to Bavaria's lord
 In gay hostility and barbarous pride
 With half mankind embattled at his side
 Great Xerxes comes to seize the certain
 prey
 And starves exhausted regions in his way
 Attendant Flattery counts his myriads o'er
 Till counted myriads soothe his pride no
 more
 Fresh praise is try'd till madness fires his
 mind —
 The waves he lashes and enchains the
 wind
 New powers are claim'd new powers are
 still bestow'd
 Till rude resistance lops the spreading god,
 The daring Greeks deride the martial
 show
 And heap their valleys with the gaudy
 foe
 Th' insulted sea with humbler thoughts he
 gains
 A single skiff to speed his flight remains
 Th' encumber'd oar scarce leaves the
 dreaded coast
 Through purple billows and a floating
 host
 The bold Bavarian, in a luckless hour
 Tries the dread summits of Cæsarean
 power

THE VANITY OF

With 'unexpected legions bursts away,
And sees defenceless' realms receive his
 sway

Short sway!—fair Austria spreads her
 mournful charms,

The queen, the beauty, sets the world in
 'arms,

From hill to hill the beacon's rousing blaze
Spreads wide the hope of plunder and of
 praise,

The fierce Croatian and the wild Hussar,
With all the sons of ravage, crowd the
 war

The baffled prince in honour's flatt'ring
 bloom

Of hasty greatness finds the fatal doom,
His foes' derision and his subjects' blame,
And steals to death from anguish and from
 shame

Enlarge my life with multitude of days!
In health, in sickness, thus the suppliant
 prays,

Hides from himself his state, and shuns to
 know,

That life protracted is protracted woe
Time hovers o'er, impatient to destroy,
And shuts up all the passages of joy
In vain their gifts the bounteous seasons
 pour,

The fruit autumnal and the vernal flow'r,

HUMAN WISHES

With listless eyes the dotard views the
store
He views and wonders that they please no
more
Now pall the tasteless meats and joyless
wines
And Luxury with sighs her slave resigns
Approach ye minstrels try the soothing
strain
Diffuse the tuneful lentives of pain
No sounds alas! would touch th imper-
vious ear
Though dancing mountains witness d
Orpheus near
Nor lute nor lyre his feeble powers attend
Nor sweeter musick of a virtuous friend
But everlasting dictates crowd his tongue,
Perversely grave or positively wrong
The still returning tale and ling'ring jest
Perplex the fawning niece and pamper'd
guest
While growing hopes scarce awe the
gathering sneer
And scarce a legacy can bribe to hear
The watchful guests still hint the last
offence
The daughter's petulance the sons ex-
pense
Improve his heady rage with treacherous
skill

THE 'VANITY' OF

And mould 'his passions till they make
his will

Unnumber'd maladies his joints invade,
Lay siege to life, and press the dire block-
ade,

But unextinguish'd Av'rice still remains,
And dreaded losses aggravate his pains
He turns, with anxious heart and crippled
hands,

His bonds of debt and mortgages of lands,
Or views his coffers with suspicious eyes,
Unlocks his gold, and counts it till he
dies.

But grant, the virtues of a temp'rate
prime

Bless with an age exempt from scorn or
crime,

An age that melts with unperceiv'd decay,
And glides in modest innocence away,
Whose peaceful day Benevolence endears,
Whose night congratulating Conscience
cheers,

The gen'ral fav'rite as the gen'ral friend
Such age there is, and who shall wish
its end?

Yet ev'n on this her load Misfortune
flings,

To press the weary minutes' flagging
wings,

New sorrow rises as the day returns,

HUMAN WISHES

A sister sickens or a daughter mourns
Now kindred Merit fills the sable bier /
Now lacerated Friendship claims a tear
Year chases year decay pursues decay
Still drops some joy from withering life
away

New forms arise and different views
engage /

Superfluous lags the veteran on the stage
Till pitying Nature signs the last release
And bids afflicted worth retire to peace

But few there are whom hours like these
await,

Who set unclouded in the gulfs of Fate
From Lydia's monarch should the search
descend

By Solon caution'd to regard his end
In life's last scene what prodigies sur-
prise—

Fears of the brave and follies of the wise!
From Marlborough's eyes the streams of
dotage flow

And Swift expires a driveller and a show
The teeming mother anxious for her
race /

Begs for each birth the fortune of a face
Yet Vane could tell what ills from beauty
spring

And Sedley curs'd the form that pleases a
king

THE VANITY OF

Ye nymphs of rosy lips and radiant eyes,
Whom Pleasure keeps too busy to be
wise,

Whom joys with soft varieties invite,—
By day the frolick, and the dance by night,
Who frown with vanity, who smile with
art,

And ask the latest fashion of the heart,
What care, what rules your heedless
charms shall save,

Each nymph your rival, and each youth
your slave?

Against your fame with fondness hate
combines,

The rival batters, and the lover mines
With distant voice neglected Virtue calls,
Less heard and less, the faint remonstrance
falls

Tir'd with contempt, she quits the slipp'ry
reign,

And Pride and Prudence take her seat in
vain

In crowd at once, where none the pass
defend,

The harmless freedom and the private
friend

The guardians yield, by force superior
ply'd

To Int'rest, Prudence, and to Flatt'ry,
Pride

HUMAN WISHES

Here Beauty falls betray'd deprest dis-
tressed
And hissing Infamy proclaims the rest
Where then shall Hope and Fear their
objects find?
Must dull Suspense corrupt the stagnant
mind?
Must helpless man in ignorance sedate
Roll darkling down the torrent of his fate?
Must no dislike alarm no wishes rise
No cries invoke the mercies of the skies?—
Enquirer cease petitions yet remain
Which Heaven may hear nor deem Re-
ligion vain
Still raise for good the supplicating voice
But leave to Heaven the measure and the
choice
Safe in his power whose eyes discern afar
The secret ambush of a specious prayer
Implore his aid in his decisions rest
Secure whatever he gives he gives the
best
Yet when the sense of sacred presence
fires
And strong devotion to the skies aspires
Pour forth thy fervours for a healthful
mind
Obedient passions and a will resign'd
For love which scarce collective man can
fill

VANITY OF HUMAN WISHES

For patience, sov'reign o'er transmuted ill;
For faith, that, panting for a happier seat,
Counts death kind Nature's signal of
retreat

These goods for man the laws of Heav'n
ordain,

These goods he grants, who grants the
pow'r to gain,

With these celestial Wisdom calms the
mind,

And makes the happiness she does not
find.

William Cowper

The Winter Evening



Hark! 'tis the twanging horn! O'er
yonder bridge
That with its wearisome but needful
length
Bestrides the wintry flood in which the
moon
Sees her unwrinkled face reflected bright
He comes the herald of a noisy world
With spatter'd boots strapp'd waist and
frozen locks
News from all nations lumbering at his
back
True to his charge the close pack'd load
behind
Yet careless what he brings his one con-
cern
Is to conduct it to the destined inn
And having dropp'd the expected bag—
pass on
He whistles as he goes light hearted
wretch
Cold and yet cheerful messenger of grief

THE WINTER EVENING

Perhaps to thousands, and of joy to some,
To him indiff'rent whether grief or joy
Houses in ashes, and the fall of stocks,
Births, deaths, and marriages, epistles
wet

With tears that trickled down the writers'
cheeks

Fast as the periods from his fluent quill,
Or charged with am'rous sighs of absent
swains,

Or nymphs responsive, equally affect
His horse and him, unconscious of them
all

But oh th' important budget! usher'd in
With such heart-shaking music, who can
say

What are its tidings? have our troops
awak'd?

Or do they still, as if with opium drugg'd,
Snore to the murmurs of th' Atlantic
wave?

Is India free? and does she wear her
plum'd

And jewell'd turban with a smile of peace,
Or do we grind her still? The grand
debate,

The popular harangue, the tart reply,
The logic, and the wisdom, and the wit,
And the loud laugh—I long to know
them all,

THE WINTER EVENING

I burn to set th' imprisoned wranglers
free
And give them voice and utterance once
again
Now stir the fire and close the shutters
fast
Let fall the curtains wheel the sofa round
And while the bubbling and loud hissing
urn
Throws up a steamy column and the
cups
That cheer but not inebriate wait on
each
So let us welcome peaceful evening in
Not such his evening who with shining
face
Sweats in the crowded theatre and
squeez'd
And bord' with elbow points through both
his sides
Out scolds the ranting actor on the stage
Nor his who patient stands till his feet
throb
And his head thumps to feed upon the
breath
Of patriots bursting with heroic rage
Or placemen all tranquillity and smiles
This folio of four pages happy work!
Which not ev'n critics criticise that holds
Inquisitive attention while I read

THE WINTER EVENING

Fast bound in chains of silence, which the
fair,
Though eloquent themselves, yet fear to
break;
What is it but a map of busy life,
Its fluctuations, and its vast concerns?
Here runs the mountainous 'and craggy
ridge
That tempts ambition On the summit,
see,
The seals of office glitter in his eyes,
He climbs, he pants, he grasps them At
his heels,
Close at his heels, a demagogue ascends,
And with a dext'rous jerk soon' twists
him down,
And wins them, but to lose them in his
turn
Here rills of oily eloquence in soft
Meanders lubricate the course they take,
The modest speaker is ashamed and
grieved
T' engross a moment's notice, and yet
' begs,
Begs a propitious ear for his poor
thoughts,
However trivial all that he conceives
Sweet bashfulness! it claims, at least, this
praise
The dearth of information and good sense

THE WINTER EVENING

That it foretells us always comes to pass
Cataracts of declamation thunder here
There forests of no meaning spread the
page /

In which all comprehension wanders lost
While fields of pleasantry amuse us there
With merry descants on a nation's woes
The rest appears a wilderness of strange
But gay confusion roses for the cheeks
And lilies for the brows of faded age
Teeth for the toothless ringlets for the
bald

Heaven earth and ocean plunder'd of
their sweets

Nectarous essences Olympian dew
Sermons and city scents and favorite airs
Ethereal journeys submarine exploits
And Hatterfelto with his hair on end
At his own wonders wondering for his
bread

'Tis pleasant through the loopholes of
retreat

To peep at such a world to see the stir
Of the great Babel and not feel the
crowd

To hear the roar she sends through all
her gates

At a safe distance where the dying sound
Falls a soft murmur on the uninjured
ear /

THE WINTER EVENING

Thus sitting, and surveying thus at ease
The globe and its concerns, I seem
advanc'd

To some secure and more than mortal
height,

That lib'rates and exempts me from them
all

It turns submitted to my view, turns
round

With all its generations, I behold

The tumult, and am still The sound of
war

Has lost its terrors ere it reaches me,

Grieves, but alarms me not I mourn
the pride

And av'rice that make man, a wolf to
man,

Hear the faint echo of those brazen
throats,

By which he speaks ^{the} the language of his
heart,

And sigh, but never tremble at the sound

He travels and expatiates, as the bee

From flow'r to flow'r, so he from land
to land,

The manners, customs, policy of all

Pay contribution to the store he gleans,

He sucks intelligence in ev'ry clime,

And spreads the honey of his deep research

At his return, a rich repast for me

THE WINTER EVENING

He travels and /I too I tread his deck
Ascend his topmast through his peering
eyes

Discover countries with a kindred heart
Suffer his woes and share in his escapes
While fancy like the finger of a clock
Runs the great circuit and is still at
home

O Winter! ruler of th inverted year
Thy scatter'd hair with sleet like ashes
fill'd

Thy breath congel'd upon thy lips thy
cheeks

Fring'd with a beard made white with
other snows

Than those of age thy forehead wrapt in
clouds

A leafless branch thy sceptre and thy
throne

A sliding car indebted to no wheels
But urg'd by storms along its slippery
way;

I love thee all unlovely as thou seem'st
And dreaded as thou art. Thou hold'st
the sun

A prisoner in the yet undawning East
Shortning his journey between morn and
noon

And hurrying him impatient of his stay
Down to the rosy West but lundly still

THE WINTER EVENING

Follow the nimble finger of the fur
A wreath that cannot fade of flowers that
 blow
With most success when all besides
 decay
The poets or historians page by one
Made vocal for the amusement of the
 rest
The sprightly lyre whose treasure of sweet
 sounds
The touch from many a trembling chord
 shakes out
And the clear voice symphonious yet distinct
And in the charming strife triumphant
 still
Beguile the night and set a keener edge
On female industry the threaded steel
Flies swiftly and unfelt the task proceeds
The volume closed the customary rites
Of the last meal commence A Roman
 meal
Such as the mistress of the world once
 found
Delicious when her patriots of high note
Perhaps by moonlight at their humble
 doors
And under an old oak's domestic shade
Enjoy'd spar feast'd a radish and an egg

THE WINTER EVENING

Compensating his loss with added hours
Of social converse, and instructive ease,
And gathering, at short notice, in one
 group
The family dispers'd, and fixing thought,
Not less dispers'd by daylight and its
 cares
I crown thee King of intimate delights,
Fireside enjoyments, home-born happi-
 ness,
And all the comforts that the lowly roof
Of undisturb'd retirement, and the hours
Of long uninterrupted evening know
No rattling wheels stop short before these
 gates,
No powder'd pert, proficient in the art
Of sounding an alarm, assaults these
 doors
Till the street rings, no stationary steeds
Cough their own knell, while, heedless
 of the sound,
The silent circle fan themselves, and
 quake
But here the needle plies its busy task,
The pattern grows, the well-depicted
 flow'r,
Wrought patiently into the snowy lawn,
Unfolds its bosom, buds, and leaves, and
 sprigs,
And curling tendrils, gracefully dispos'd,

THE WINTER EVENING

Follow the nimble finger of the fair
A wreath that cannot fade of flowers that
 blow
With most success when all besides
 decay
The poets or historians page by one
Made vocal for the amusement of the
rest
The sprightly lyre whose treasure of sweet
 sounds
The touch from many a trembling chord
 shakes out
And the clear voice symphonious yet dis-
 tinct
And in the charming strife triumphant
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Beguile the night and set a keener edge
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Such as the mistress of the world once
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Delicious when her patriots of high note
Perhaps by moonlight at their humble
 doors
And under an old oak's domestic shade
Enjoy'd spare feast! a radish and an egg

THE WINTER EVENING

Discourse ensues, not trivial, yet not dull,
Nor such as with a frown forbids the
play

Of fancy, or proscribes the sound of
mirth,

Nor do we madly, like an impious world,
Who deem religion frenzy, and the God
That made them an intruder on their joys,
Start at his awful name, or deem his
praise

A jarring note Themes of a graver tone,
Exciting oft our gratitude and love,
While we retrace with mem'ry's pointing
wand,

That calls the past to our exact review,
The dangers we have 'scaped, the broken
snare,

The disappointed foe, deliv'rance found
Unlook'd for, life preserv'd and peace
restor'd,

Fruits of omnipotent eternal love

"Oh evenings worthy of the gods!"
exclaimed

The Sabine bard Oh evenings, I reply,
More to be priz'd and coveted than yours,
As more illumin'd, and with nobler truths,
That I and mine, and those we love, enjoy

Is Winter hideous in a garb like this?
Needs he the tragic fur, the smoke of
lamps,

THE WINTER EVENING

The pent up breath of 'an unsav'ry
throng

To throw him into feeling or the smart
And snappish dialogue that flippant wits
Call comedy to prompt him with a smile?
The self complacent actor when he views
(Stealing a sidelong glance at a full house)
The slope of faces from the floor to the
roof

(As if one master spring controll'd them
all)

Relaxed into a universal grin
Sees not a countenance there^d that speaks
a joy

Half so refined or so sincere as ours
Cards were superfluous here with all the
tricks

That idleness has ever yet contriv'd
To fill the void of an unfurnish'd brain
To palliate dulness and give time a shove
Time as he passes us has a doves wing
Unsoild and swift and of a silken sound
But the world's time is Time in masquerade

Theirs should I paint him has his pinions
fledg'd

With motley plumes and where the peacock shows

His azure eyes is tinctur'd black and red
With spots quadrangular of diamond form.

THE WINTER EVENING

Describe and print it, that the world
may know

How far he went for what was nothing
worth

So I with brush in hand and pallet
spread

With colours mixed for a far different use
Paint cards and dolls and every idle thing

That fancy finds in her excursive flights

Come I evening once again season of
peace

Return sweet Evening and continue long I
Methinks I see thee in the stricken west

With matron step slow moving while the
night

Trails on thy sweeping train one hind
employ'd

In setting fall the curtains of repose
On bird and beast the other charged for
man

With sweet oblivion of the cares of day

Not sumptuously adorned nor needful
and

Like homely featured night of clustering
stars

A star or two just twinkling on thy
brow

Suffices thee save that the moon is thine
No less than hers not worn indeed on
high

(1897)

THE WINTER EVENING

Ensanguin'd hearts, clubs typical of strife,
And spades, the emblems of untimely
 graves

What should be, and what was an hour-
 glass once,

Becomes a dice-box, and a billiard table
Well does the work of his destructive
 scythe

Thus deck'd, he charms a world whom
 fashion blinds

To his true worth, most pleas'd when
 idle most,

Whose only happy are their wasted hours
Ev'n misses, at whose age their mothers
 wore

The back-string and the bib, assume the
 dress

Of womanhood, sit pupils in the school
Of card-devoted time, and night by night
Plac'd at some vacant corner of the board,
Learn ev'ry trick, and soon play all the
 game

But truce with censure Roving as I rove,
Where shall I find an end, or how pro-
 ceed?

As he that travels far, oft turns aside
To view some rugged rock or mould'ring
 tow'r,

Which seen, delights him not, then com-
 ing home.

THE WINTER EVENING

Describes and prints it; that the world
may know
How far he went for what was nothing
worth
So I with brush in hand and pallet
spread
With colours mixed for a far different use
Paint cards and dolls and ev'ry idle thing
That fancy finds in her excursive flights
Come Evening once again season of
peace
Return sweet Evening and continue long!
Methinks I see thee in the streaky west
With matron step slow moving while the
night
Treads on thy sweeping train one hand
employ'd
In letting fall the curtain of repose
On bird and beast the other charg'd for
man
With sweet oblivion of the cares of day
Not sumptuously adorn'd nor needfulg
aid
Like homely featured night of clust'ring
gems
A star or two just twinkling on thy
brow
Suffices thee save that the moon is thine
No less than hers, not worn indeed on
high
(B 97) 205 Q

THE WINTER EVENING

Suits well the thoughtful or unthinking
mind
The mind contemplative with some new
theme
Pregnant or indisposed alike to all
Laugh ye who boast your more mercurial
powers
That never feel a stupor know no pause
Nor need one I am conscious and confess
Fearless a soul that does not always
think
Me oft has fancy ludicrous and wild
Soothed with a waking dream of houses
towns
Trees churches and strange visages ex-
pressed
In the red cinders while with poring eye
I gazed myself creating what I saw
Nor less amused have I quiescent watched
The sooty films that play upon the bars
Pendulous and foreboding in the view
Of superstition prophesying still
Though still deceived some strangers
near approach
'Tis thus the understanding takes repose
In indolent vacuity of thought,
And sleeps and is refreshed Meanwhile
the face
Conceals the mood lethargic with a mask
Of deep deliberation as the man

THE WINTER EVENING

Were task'd to his full strength, absorb'd
and lost
Thus oft, reclin'd at ease, I lose an hour
At evening, till at length the freezing
blast,
That sweeps the bolted shutter, summons
home
The recollected powers, and snapping
short
The glassy threads with which the fancy
weaves
Her brittle toys, restores me to myself
How calm is my recess, and how the
frost,
Raging abroad, and the rough wind,
endear
The silence and the warmth enjoy'd
within
I saw the woods and fields at close of
day
A variegated show, the meadows green,
Though faded, and the lands, where lately
wav'd
The golden harvest, of a nellow brown,
Upturn'd so lately by the foeful share
I saw far off the weedy fallows smile
With verdure not unprofitable, graz'd
By flocks, fast feeding, and selecting each
His fav'rite herb, while all the leafless
groves

THE WINTER EVENING

That skirt th horizon wore a sable
hue
Scarce notic'd in the kindred dusk of
eve
To-morrow ! brings a change, a total
change !
Which even now though silently per
form'd
And slowly and by most unfelt the face
Of universal nature undergoes
Fast falls a fleecy show'r the downy
flakes
Descending and with never ceasing lapse
Softly alighting upon all below /
Assimilate all objects Earth receives /
Gladly the thick'ning mantle and the
green
And tender blade that fear'd the chilling
blast
Escapes unhurt beneath so warm a veil
In such a world so thorny, and where
none /
Finds happiness unblighted or if found
Without some thistly sorrow at its side ,
It seems the part of wisdom and no sin
Against the law of love to measure lots
With less distinguish'd than ourselves,
that thus ,
We may with 'patience bear our mod'rate
ills

THE WINTER EVENING

And sympathise with others, suffering
more
Ill fares the traveller now, and he that
stalks
In pond'rous boots beside his reeking
team
The wain goes heavily, impeded sore
By congregated loads adhering close
To the clogg'd wheels, and in its
sluggish pace
Noiseless appears a moving hill of snow
The toiling steeds expand the nostril
wide,
While ev'ry breath, by respiration strong
Forc'd downward, is consolidated soon
Upon their jutting chests He, form'd
to bear
The pelting brunt of the tempestuous
night,
With half-shut eyes and pucker'd cheeks,
and teeth
Presented bare against the storm, plods
on
One hand secures his hat, save when
with both
He brandishes his pliant length of whip,
Resounding oft, and never heard in vain
Oh happy ' and in my account, denied
That sensibility of pain with which
Refinement is endu'd, thrice happy thou

THE WINTER EVENING

Thy frame robust and hardy feels indeed
The piercing cold but feels it unimpaired
The learned finger never need explore
Thy vigorous pulse and the unhealthful
East

That breathes the spleen and searches
every bone

Of the infirm is wholesome air to thee
Thy days roll on exempt from household
care

The wagon is thy wife and the poor
beasts

That drag the dull companion to and fro
Thine helpless charge dependent on thy
care

Ah treat them kindly! rude as thou ap-
pearst

Yet show that thou hast mercy which the
great

With needless hurry whirled from place
to place

Humane as they would seem not always
show

Poor yet industrious modest quiet
neat

Such claim compassion in a night like
this

And have a friend in every feeling heart
Warmed while it fasts by labour all day
long

THE WINTER EVENING

They brave the season, and yet find at
eve,
Ill clad and fed but sparely, time to cool
The frugal housewife trembles when she
lights
Her scanty stock of brushwood, blazing
clear,
But dying soon, like all terrestrial joys
The few small embers left she nurses well,
And while her infant race, with outspread
hands,
And crowded knees, sit cowering o'er the
sparks,
Retires, content to quake, so they be
warm'd
The man feels least, as more inured than
she
To winter, and the current in his veins
More briskly moved by his severer toil,
Yet he too finds his own distress in theirs
The taper soon extinguish'd, which I saw
Dangled along at the cold finger's end
Just when the day declin'd, and the brown
loaf
Lodg'd on the shelf, half eaten without
sauce
Of sav'ry cheese, or butter costlier still,
Sleep seems their only refuge for, alas!
Where penury is felt the thought is
chain'd,

THE WINTER EVENING

And sweet colloquial pleasures are but
a few

With all this thrift they thrive not All
the care

Ingenious parsimony takes but just
Saves the small inventory bed and stool
Skillet and old carved chest from public
sale

They live and live without extorted alms
From grudging hands but other boast
have none

To soothe their honest pride that scorns
to beg

Nor comfort else but in their mutual
love

I praise you much ye meek and patient
pair

For ye are worthy choosing rather far
A dry but independent crust hard earned
And eaten with a sigh than to endure
The rugged frowns and insolent rebuffs
Of knaves in office partial in the work
Of distribution liberal of their aid

To clamorous importunity in rags
But oft times deaf to suppliants who would
blush

To wear a tattered garb however coarse
Whom famine cannot reconcile to filth;
These asked with painful shyness and
refused

THE WINTER EVENING

Because deserving, silently retire
But be ye of good courage Time itself
Shall much befriend you Time shall give
increase,
And all your num'rous progeny, well-
train'd
But helpless, in few years shall find their
hands,
And labour too Meanwhile ye shall not
want
What, conscious of your virtues, we can
spare,
Nor what a wealthier than ourselves may
send
I mean the man who, when the distant
poor
Need help, denies them nothing but his
name

But slighted as it is, and by the great
Abandon'd, and, which still I more regret,
Infected with the manners and the modes
It knew not once, the country wins me
still
I never fram'd a wish, or form'd a plan,
That flatter'd me with hopes of earthly
bliss,
But there I laid the scene There early
stray'd
My fancy, ere yet liberty of choice.

THE WINTER EVENING

Had found me or the hope of being free !
My very dreams were rural^d rural too
The first born efforts of my youthful muse
Sportive and jingling her poetic bells
Ere yet her ear was mistress of their
powers

No bard could please me but whose lyre
was tuned

To Nature's praises Heroes and their
feats

Fatigued me never weary of the pipe
Of Tityrus assembling as he sang
The rustic throng beneath his favourite
beech

Then Milton had indeed a poet's charms
New to my taste his Paradise surpass'd
The struggling efforts of my boyish tongue
To speak its excellence I danced for joy
I marvel'd much that at so ripe an age
As twice seven years his beauties had
then first

Engag'd my wonder and admiring still !
And still admiring, with regret supposed
The joy half lost because not sooner
found

Thee too enamour'd of the life I lov'd
Pathetic in its praise in its pursuit
Determin'd and possessing it at last
With transports such as favour'd lovers
feel

THE WINTER EVENING

I studied, priz'd, and wish'd that I had
known
Ingenuous Cowley¹ and though now re-
claim'd

By modern lights from an erroneous taste,
I cannot but lament thy splendid wit
Entangled in the cobwebs of the schools,
I still revere thee, courtly though retir'd,
Though stretch'd at ease at Chertsey's
silent bow'rs,

Not unemploy'd, and finding rich amends
For a lost world in solitude and verse
'Tis born with all the love of Nature's
works

Is an ingredient in the compound, man,
Infus'd at the creation of the kind
And though th' Almighty Maker has
throughout

Discriminated each from each, by strokes,
And touches of his hand, with so much
art

Diversified, that two were never found
Twins at all points—yet this obtains in
all,

That all discern a beauty in his works,
And all can taste them minds that have
been form'd

And tutor'd with a relish more exact,
But none without some relish, none un-
mov'd

THE WINTER EVENING

is a flame that dies not even there †
here nothing feeds it neither business
crowds
or habits of luxurious city life
whatever else they smother of true worth
human bosoms quench it or abate
the villas with which London strands be
girt ††
like a swarth Indian with his belt of
beads
love it A breath of unadulterate air †
the glimpse of a green pasture how they
cheer †
the citizen and brace his languid frame †
even in the stifling bosom of the town
the garden in which nothing thrives has
charms † /
that soothe the rich possessor much con-
solid
that here and there some sprigs of mourn-
ful mint † /
of nightshade or valerian grace the
wall †
he cultivates These serve him with a
hint † †
that Nature lives that sight refreshing
green
is still the livery she delights to wear
though sickly samples of the exuberant
whole

THE WINTER EVENING

What are the casements lin'd with creep-
ing herbs,
The prouder sashes fronted with a range
Of orange, myrtle, or the fragrant weed,
The Frenchman's darling?¹ Are they not
all proofs
That man, immured in cities, still retains
His inborn inextinguishable thirst
Of rural scenes, compensating his loss
By supplemental shifts, the best he may?
The most unfurnish'd with the means of
life,
And they that never pass their brick-wall
bounds
To range the fields and treat their lungs
with air,
Yet feel the burning instinct, overhead
Suspend their crazy boxes, planted thick,
And water'd duly There the pitcher
stands
A fragment, and the spoutless teapot there,
Sad witnesses how close-pent man regrets
The country, with what ardour he con-
trives
A peep at Nature, when he can no more
Hail, therefore, patroness of health and
ease

THE WINTER EVENING

And contemplation heart consoling joys
And harmless pleasures in the throng'd
abode

* Of multitudes unknown! hail rural life!
Address himself who will to the pursuit
Of honours or emolument or fame
I shall not add myself to such a chase
Thwart his attempts or envy his success
Some must be great Great offices will
have

Great talents and God gives to every
man

The virtue temper understanding taste
That lifts him into life and lets him fall
Just in the niche he was ordain'd to fill
To the deliverer of an injur'd land
He gives a tongue to enlarge upon a
heart

To feeble and courage to redress her wrongs
To monarchs dignity to judges sense
To artists ingenuity and skill
To me an unambitious mind content
In the low vale of life that early felt
A wish for ease and leisure and ere long
Found here that leisure and that ease I
wish'd

Robert Burns

The Twa Dogs

'Twas in that place o Scotland's isle
That bears the name o Auld King Coil
Upon a bonnie day in June,
When wearing thro the afternoon
Twa dogs that were na thrang at hame
Forgather'd jance upon a time

The first I'll name they ca'd him Cæsar
Was keepit for his Honour's pleasure
His hair his size his mouth his lugs
Show'd he was nane o Scotland's dogs
But whalpit some place far abroad
Whare sailors gang to fish for cod

His lockèd letter'd braw brass collar
Show'd him the gentleman and scholar
But though he was o' high degree
The fient a pride nae pride had he
But wad hae spent an hour caressin
Evn wi a tinkler gypsy's messin
At kirk or market mill or smiddie
Nae tawted tyke, tho e'er sae duddie

Cesar

I ve aften wonder d honest Luath
What sort o life poor dogs like you have
An when the gentry s life I saw
What way poor bodlies liv d ava

Our laird gets in his rack d rents
His coals his lun an a his stents
He rises when he likes hunsel
His flunkies answer at the bell
He ca s his coach, he ca s his horse
He draws a bonnie silken purse
As lang s my tail whare thro the steeks
The yellow letter d Geordie keeks

Frae morn to een it s nought but toiling
At bal ing roasting frying boiling
An tho the gentry first are stechin
Yet ev n the ha folk fill their pechan
Wi sauce rigouts and siclike trashtrie
That s little short o downright wastrie
Our whipper in wee blastit worner
Poor worthless elf it eats a dinner
Better than ony tenant man
His honour has in a the lan
An what poor cot folk pit their painch in
I own it s past my comprehension

THE TWO DOGS

Luath

Trowth, Cæsar, whyles they're fash't
eneugh,

A cotter howkin' in a sheugh,
Wi' dirty stanes biggin' a dyke,
Bairn a quarry, and sic like,
Himself, a wife, he thus sustains,
A smytie o' wee duddie weans,
An' nought but his hin' darg, to keep
Them right and tight in thack an' ripe

An' when they meet wi' sair disters,
Like loss o' health, or want o' masters,
Ye maist wad think, a wee touch langer,
An' they maun starve o' cauld an' hunger
But, how it comes, I never kent yet,
They're maistly wonderfu' contented,
An' buirdly chiefs, an' clever hizzies,
Are bred in sic a way as this is

Cæsar

But then to see how ye're neglectit,
How huff'd, and cuff'd, and disrespeckit?
L—d, man, our gentry care as little
For delvers, ditchers, an' sic cattle,
They gang as saucy by poor folk,
As I wad by a stinking brock

I've notic'd on our laird's court-day,
An' mony a time my heart's been wae,

THE TWA DOGS

Poor tenant bodies scant o' cash
How they maun thole a factor's snash
He'll stamp an threaten curse an swear
He'll apprehend them poun'd their gear
While they maun stan wi' aspect humble
An' hear it a', an' fear an' tremble'

I see how folk live that hae riches
But surely poor folk maun be wretches?

|| *Luath* ||

They're nae sae wretched s'ane wad think
Tho' constantly on poortith's brink
They're sae accusom'd wi' the sight
The view o' it gies them little fright

Then chance an' fortune are sae guided
They're aye in less or mair provided
An' tho' fatigued wi' close employment
A blink o' rest's a sweet enjoyment

The dearest comfort o' their lives,
Their grushie weans an' faithfu' wives
The prattling things are just their pride
That sweetens a' their fire side

An' whyles twalpenne worth o' nappy
Can mak' the bodies unco' happy
They lay aside their private cares
To mind the kirk an' State affairs

THE TWA DOGS

They 'll talk o' patronage an' priests,
Wi' kindling fury in their breasts,
Or tell what new taxation's comin',
An' ferlie at the folk in Lon'on

As bleak-fac'd Hallowmass returns,
They get the jovial, ranting kirms,
When rural life, o' ev'ry station,
Unite in common recreation,
Love blinks, Wit slaps, an' social Mirth
Forgets there's Care upo' the earth

That merry day the year begins,
They bar the door on frosty win's,
The nappy reeks wi' mantling ream,
An' sheds a heart-inspiring steam,
The luntin' pipe, an' sneeshin' mill,
Are handed round wi' richt guid will,
The cantie auld folks crackin' crouse,
The young anes rantin' thro' the house,—
My heart has been sae fain to see them,
That I for joy hae barkit wi' them

Still it's owre true that ye hae said,
Sic game is now owre aften play'd,
There's mome a creditable stock,
O' decent, honest, fawsont folk,
Are riven out baith root and branch,
Some rascal's pridefu' greed to quench,
Wha thinks to knit himsel' the faster

THE TWA DOGS

In favour wi some gentle master
Wha aiblins thrang a parliamentin
For Britain's guid his saul indentin —

Cæsar

Haith lad ye little ken about it
For Britain's guid¹ guid faith! I doubt it!
Say rather gaun as premiers lead him
An saying ay or no s they bid him
At operas an plays parading
Mortgaging gambling masquerading
Or maybe in a frolic daft
To Hague or Calais takes a waft
To make a tour an tak a whirl
To learn bon ton an see the worl

There at Vienna or Versailles
He rives his father's auld entrails
Or by Madrid he takes the rout
To thrum guitars and fecht wi nowt
Or down Italian vista stärtle
Love making among groves o myrtles
Then bowses drumly German water
To mak himsel look fair and fatter:
An clear the consequential sorrows
Love gifts of carnival signoras

For Britain guid¹—for her destruction!
Wi dissipation feud an faction!

THE TWA DOGS

Luath

Hech, man! dear Sirs! is that the gate
They waste sae mony a braw estate!
Are we sae foughen an' harass'd
For gear to gang that gate at list!

O would they stay aback frae courts,
An' please themsels wi' kintra sports,
It wad for ev'ry ane be better,
The laird, the tenant, an' the cottar!
For thae frank, rantin', ramblin' billies,
Fient haet o' them's ill-hearted fellows,
Except for breakin' o' their timmer,
Or speakin' lightly o' their limmer,
Or shootin' o' a hare or moor-cock,
The ne'er a bit they're ill to poor folk

But will ye tell me, Master Cæsar,
Sure gie it folk's life's a life o' pleasure?
Nae cauld nor hunger e'er can steer them,
The vera thought o't need na fear them

Cæsar

L—d, man, were ye but whyles whare
I am;
The gentles ye wad ne'er envý 'em.

It's true they need na starve or sweat,
Thro' winter's cauld, or simmer's heat,

THE TWA DOGS

They ve n'ae sair wark to craze their banes
An fill auld age wi grips an granes
But human bodies are sic fools
For a their colleges and schools
That when nae real ills perplex them
They make enow themselves to vex them
An aye the less they hae to sturt them
In like proportion less will hurt them

A country fellow at the pleugh
His acres till'd he s right enough
A country girl at her wheel
Her dizzens done she s unco weel
But gentlemen an ladies warst
Wi evn down want o wark are curst
They loiter lounging lank an lazy
Tho deil haet ails them yet uneasy
Their days insipid dull and tasteless
Their nights unquiet lang and restless

An e'en their sports their balls an races
Their galloping thro public places
There s sic parade sic pomp an art
The joy can scarcely reach the heart

The men cast out in party matches
Then sowther a in deep debauches
Ae night they re mad wi drink an
wh ring
Niest day their life is past enduring

THE TWA DOGS

The ladies arm-in-arm in clusters,
As great and gracious a' as sisters;
But hear their absent thoughts, o' ither,
They're a' run deils an' jads thegither
Whyles o'er the wee bit cup an' platie,
They sip the scandal potion pretty,
Or lee-lang nights, wi' crabbit leuks
Pore owre the devil's pictur'd beuks,
Stake on a chance a farmer's stackyard,
An' cheat like ome unhang'd blackguard

There's some exception, man an' woman,
But this is gentry's life in common

By this the sun was out o' sight,
An' darker gloaming brought the night
The bum-clock humm'd wi' lazy drone,
The kye stood rowtin' i' the loan,
When up they gat, an' shook their lugs,
Rejoic'd they were na *men*, but *dogs*,
An' each took aff his severil way,
Resolv'd to meet some ither day

The Cotter's
Saturday Night



My lov'd my honor'd much respected
friend!

No mercenary bard his homage pays
With honest pride I scorn each selfish end
My dearest meed a friend's esteem
and praise

To you I sing in simple Scottish lays
The lowly train in life's sequester'd
scene

The native feelings strong the guileless
ways

What Aiken in a cottage would have
been

Ah! tho' his worth unknown far happier
there I ween

November chill blows loud wi' angry
sugh

The short ning winter day is near a
close

The mry beasts retreating fr'e the
plough

The blackning trains o' craws to
their repose

SATURDAY NIGHT

Some at the pleugh some herd some
tentie rin

A cannie errand to a neebor town
Their eldest hope their Jenny woman
gown

In youthfu bloom love sparkling in
her ee

Comes h'ime perhaps to show a braw
new gown

Or deposite her sair won penny fee
To help her parents dear if they in hard
ship be

Wi joy unfeign'd brothers and sisters
meet

An eech for others weelfare kindly
spiers

The social hours swift wing'd unnotic'd
flee

Each tells the uncoss that he sees or
hears

The parents partial eye their hopeful
years

Anticipation forward points the view
The mother wi her needle an her
sheers

Gars auld claes look amangst as weel s
the new

The father mixes a wi admonition due

SATURDAY NIGHT

With heart struck anxious care in
quires his name
While Jenny haffins is afraid to
speak
Weel pleas'd the mother hears it's nae
wild worthless rake

(1)

Wi kindly welcome Jenny brings him
ben
A strappin youth he tak's the mother's
eye
Blythe Jenny sees the visit's no ill ta'en
The father cracks of horses ploughs
and kye
The youngster's artless heart o'erflows
wi joy
But blate and laithfu scarce can
weel behave
The mother wi a woman's wiles can
spy
What makes the youth sae bashfu
an sae grave
Weel pleas'd to think her bairn's respected
like the lave

1

O happy love!—where love like this is
found!—

O heart felt raptures! bliss beyond
compare!

(R 97)

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S

SATURDAY NIGHT

But now the supper crowns their simple
board

The halesome parritch chief o Scotia's
food

The soupe their only hawkie does afford
That yont the hallan snugly chows
her cood)

The dame brings forth in complimental
mood

To grace the lad her well hand'd keb-
buck fell

An aft he's prest an aft he ca's it guid

The frugal wife garrulous will tell
How twas a towmond auld sin lint was
i the bell

The cheerfu supper done wi serious
face

i They round the ingle form a circle
wide

The sire turns o'er wi patriarchal grace
The big ha Bible ance his father's
pride

His bonnet reverently is laid aside

His lyart haffets wearing thin an bare
Those strains that once did sweet in
Zion glide

He wales a portion with judicious care

And Let us worship God! he says with
solemn air

SATURDAY NIGHT

Perhaps the Christian volume is, the
theme
How guiltless blood for guilty man
was shed
How He who bore in heaven the second
name
Had not on earth whereon to lay his
head
How his first followers and servants sped
The precepts sage they wrote to many
a land
How he who lone in Patmos banished
Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand
And heard great Bablon's doom pro
nounc'd by Heaven's command
Then kneeling down to Heaven's Eternal
King
The saint the father and the husband
prays
Hope springs exulting on triumphant
wing
That thus they all shall meet in future
days
There ever bask in uncreated rays /
No more to sigh or shed the bitter tear
Together hymning their Creator's praise
In such society yet still more dear
While circling Time moves round in an
eternal sphere

THE COTTER'S

“Compar’d with this, how poor Religion’s
pride,
In all the pomp of method, and of art,
When men display to congregations wide,
Devotion’s ev’ry grace, except the heart!
The Power, incens’d, the pageant will
desert,
The pompous strain, the sacerdotal
stole,
But haply, in some cottage far apart,
May hear, well pleas’d, the language
of the soul,
And in his book of life the inmates poor
enrol

Then homeward all take off their sev’ral
way;
The youngling cottagers retire to rest,
The parent-pair their secret homage pay,
And proffer up to Heaven the warm
request,
That He who stills the raven’s clam’rous
nest,
And decks the lily fair in flow’ry pride,
Would, in the way his wisdom sees the
best,
For them and for their little ones pro-
vide,
But, chiefly, in their hearts with grace
divine preside

From scenes like these old Scotia's grand
dear springs

That makes her lov'd at home rever'd
abroad

Princes and lords are but the breath of
kings

An honest man's the noblest work of
God

And certes in fair virtue's heavenly road
The cottage leaves the palace far be
hind

What is a lordling's pomp?—a cumbrous
load

Disguising oft the wretch of human
kind

Studied in arts of hell in wickedness re
fin'd!

O Scotia! my dear my native soil!

For whom my warmest wish to
Heaven is sent!

Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil
Be bless'd with health and peace and
sweet content!

And O! may Heaven their simple lives
prevent

From luxury's contagion weak and
vile!

Then hower crowns and coronets be
rent

COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT

A virtuous populace may rise the while,
And stand a wall of fire around their much-
lov'd isle

O Thou! who pour'd the 'patriotic tide
That stream'd thro' Wallace's un-
daunted heart,
Who dar'd to nobly stem tyrannic pride,
Or nobly die, the second glorious part,
(The patriot's God peculiarly Thou art,
His friend, inspirer, guardian, and re-
ward!)

O never, never, Scotia's realm desert
But still the patriot, and the patriot
bard,
In bright succession raise, her ornament
and guard!

George Crabbe

THE VILLAGE AS IT IS

From Truth and Nature shall we widely
 stray,
Where Virgil, not where Fancy, leads the
 way?

No, cast by Fortune on a frowning coast,
Which neither groves nor happy valleys
 boast,
Where other cares than those the Muse
 relates,
And other shepherds dwell with other
 mates,
By such examples taught, I paint the Cot,
As Truth will paint it, and as Bards will
 not
Nor you, ye Poor, of letter'd scorn com-
 plain,
To you the smoothest song is smooth in
 vain,
O'ercome by labour, and bow'd down by
 time,
Feel you the barren flattery of a rhyme?
Can poets soothe you, when you pine for
 bread,
By winding myrtles round your ruin'd
 shed?—
Can their light tales your weighty griefs
 o'erpower,
Or glad with airy mirth the toilsome
 hour?

The Convict's Dream

(FROM THE BOROUGH,
LETTER \XIII)

Yes! e'en in sleep the impressions all
remain,
He hears the sentence and he feels the
chain
He sees the judge and jury — when he
shakes,
And loudly cries "Not guilty", and
awakes
Then chilling tremblings o'er his body
creep,
Till worn-out nature is compelled to
sleep
Now comes the dream again it shows
each scene
With each small circumstance that comes
between,
The call to suffering, and the very deed—
There crowds go with him, follow, and
precede,

THE CONVICT'S DREAM

Give him her arm, of blessings let them
talk

Yes! all are with him now, and all the
while

Life's early prospects and his Fanny's
smile

Then come his sister and his village
friend,

And he will now the sweetest moments
spend

Life has to yield,—No! never will he find
Again on earth such pleasure in his mind

He goes through shrubby walks these
friends among,

Love in their looks and honour on the
tongue

Nay, there's a charm beyond what nature
shows,

The bloom is softer and more sweetly
glows

Pierced by no crime and urged by no de-
sire

For more than true and honest hearts re-
quire,

They feel the calm delight, and thus
proceed

Through the green lane—then linger in
the mead,

'Stray' o'er the heath in all its purple
bloom,

THE CONVICT'S DREAM

And search for crimson weeds, which
spreading flow,

Or lie like pictures on the sand below,
With all those bright red pebbles, that
the sun

Through the small waves so softly shines
upon

And those live lucid jellies which the eye
Delights to trace as they swim glittering
by

Pearl shells and rubied star-fish they ad-
mire,

And will arrange above the parlour fire—
Tokens of bliss! “Oh! horrible! a wave
Roars as it rises—Save me, Edward?
save!”

She cries—Alas! the watchman on his
way

Calls, and lets in—truth, terror, and the
day!

STROLLING PLAYERS

Alternate times of fasting and excess
Are yours, ye smiling children of distress
Slaves though ye be, your wandering
freedom seems,
And with your varying views and restless
schemes,
Your griefs are transient, as your joys
are dreams

STROLLING PLAYERS

Alternate times of fasting and excess
Are yours, ye smiling children of distress
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The Founder of
the Alms house

(F OM TI SO OUCH
L TTER XII)

Leave now our streets and in yon plain
behold

Those pleasant Seats for the reduced and
old

A Merchant's gift whose wife and children
died

When he to saving all his powers applied
He wore his coat till bare was every
thread

And with the meanest fare his body fed
He had a female cousin who with care
Walk'd in his steps and learn'd of him
to spare

With emulation and success they strove
Improving still still seeking to improve
As if that useful knowledge they would
gain—

How little food would human life sustain

THE FOUNDER OF

No pauper came their table's crumbs to
 crave,
Scraping they lived, but not a scrap they
 gave
When beggars saw the frugal Merchant
 pass,
It moved their pity and 'they said "Alas!
Hard is thy fate, my brother," and they
 felt
A beggar's pride as they that pity dealt
The dogs, who learn of man to scorn the
 poor,
Bark'd him away from every decent door;
While they who saw him bare but thought
 him rich,
To show respect or scorn they knew not
 which
 But while our Merchant seemed so base
 and mean,
He had his wanderings, sometimes "not
 unseen",
To give in secret was a favourite act;
Yet more than once they took him in the
 fact
To scenes of various woe he nightly went,
And serious sums in healing misery spent,
Oft has he cheered the wretched at a rate
For which he daily might have dined on
 plate,
He has been seen—his hair all silver white,

THE ALMS HOUSE

Shaking and shivering—as he stole by
night

To feed unenvied on his still delight
A twofold taste he had to give and spare
Both were his duties and had equal care
It was his joy to sit alone and fast,
Then send a widow and her boys repast
Tears in his eyes would spite of him ap-
pear

But he from other eyes has kept the tear
All in a wintry night from far he came
To soothe the sorrows of a suffering
dame

Whose husband robb'd him and to whom
he meant

A ling'ring but reforming punishment
Home then he walk'd and found his
anger rise

When fire and rushlight met his troubled
eyes

But these extinguish'd, and his prayer
address'd

To Heaven in hope! he calmly sank to
rest

1 *STORM ON THE EAST COAST*

Nor one one moment in its station
dwells

But nearer land you may the billows trace
As if contending in their watery chase
May watch the mightiest till the shoal
" they reach

Then break and hurry to their utmost
stretch

Curld as they come they strike with
furious force

And then reslowing take their grating
course

Raking the rounded flints which apes
past

Roll'd by their rage and shall to ages
last

Far off the Petrel in the troubled way
Swims with her brood or flutters in the
spray

She rises often often drops again
And sports at ease on the tempestuous
main

High o'er the restless deep, above the
reach

Of gunner's hope vast flocks of Wild
duck stretch

Far as the eye can glance on either side
In a broad space and level line they glide
All in their wedge like figures from the
north

A STORM ON THE EAST COAST

Day after day, flight after flight, go forth
In-shore their passage tribes of Sea-gulls
urge,
And drop for prey within the sweeping
surge,
Oft in the rough opposing blast they fly
Far back, then turn and all their force
apply,
While to the storm they give their weak
complaining cry,
Or clap the sleek white pinion to the
breast,
And in the restless ocean dip for rest
Darkness begins to reign, the louder
wind
Appals the weak, and awes the firmer
mind,
But frights not him whom evening and
the spray
In part conceal—yon Prowler on his way;
Lo, he has something seen, he runs apace,
As if he fear'd companion in the chase,
He sees his prize, and now he turns again,
Slowly and sorrowing—"Was your search
in vain?"
Gruffly he answers, "'Tis a sorry sight!
A seaman's body there'll be more to-
night!"

AN ENTANGLEMENT

And one yet crawls on earth, of whom, I
say,

That what he has he cannot take away
Her mother's father, one who has a store
Of this world's goods and always looks for
more,

But, next his money, loves the girl at
heart,

And she will have it when they come to
part "

"Sir," said the youth, his terrors all
awake,

"Hear me, I pray, I beg—for mercy's
sake!

Sir, were the secrets of my soul confess'd,
Would you admit the truths that I protest
Are such—your pardon—"

"Pardon, good my friend,
I not alone will pardon, I commend,
Think you that I have no remembrance
left

Of youthful love and Cupid's cunning
theft?

How nymphs will listen when their swains
persuade,

How hearts are gained and how exchange
is made?

Come, sir, your hand—"

"In mercy hear me now!"

"I cannot hear you, time will not allow

AN ENTANGLEMENT

You know my station what on me depends

For ever needed—but we part as friends
And here comes one who will the whole explain

My better self—and we shall meet again
Sir I entreat—

‘ Then be entreaty made
To her, a woman one you may persuade
A little teasing but she will comply
And loves her niece too fondly to deny

O! he is mad and miserable I!
Exclaimed the Youth but let me now collect

My scattered thoughts I something must effect

Hurrying she came— Now what has he confessed

Ere I could come to set your heart at rest?
What! he has grieved you! Yet he too approves

The thing! but man will tease you if he loves

But now for business tell me did you think

That we should always at your meetings wink?

Think you you walk’d unseen? There are who bring

To me all secrets—O you wicked thing!!

AN ENTANGLEMENT

Poor Fanny! now I think I see her blush,
All red and rosy, when I beat the bush,
And 'Hide your secret,'—said I,—'if you
dare!'

'So out it came like an affrighten'd hare
'Miss!' said I, gravely and the trem-
bling maid

Pleased me at heart to see her so afraid,
And then she wept,—now, do remember
this,

Never to chide her when she does amiss,
For she is tender as the callow bird,
And cannot bear to have her temper
stirr'd,—

'Fanny,' I said, then whisper'd her the
name,

And caused such looks—yes, yours are just
the same,

But hear my story—When your love was
known

For this our child—she is in fact our own—
Then, first debating, we agreed at last
To seek my Lord and tell him what had
passed "

"To tell the Earl?"

"Yes truly, and why not?
And then together we contrived our plot "
"Eternal God!"

"Nay, be not so surprised,—
In all the matter we were well advised,

ENTANGLEMENT

We saw my Lady
 there
 And said to John Lord and Lady Jane was
 chair
 True we are servant^{son}— Johnson take a
 But in the higher place^s in a certain way
 We are obeyed in ours— so are they
 obey— they in theirs
 So Johnson bowed for that fit
 And had no scruple with the was right and
 Why look you so impatient
 What they debated? You must^{Earl} to sit—
 well while I tell
 just like it

That evening all in fond discourse
 spent
 When the sad lover to his chamber^{went}^{is}
 To think on what had passed to grieve
 and to repent
 Early he rose and looked with many a
 sigh
 On the red light that filled the eastern
 sky
 Oft had he stood before alert and gay
 To hail the glories of the new born day
 But now dejected languid listless low
 He saw the wind upon the water blow
 And the cold stream curled onward as the
 gale

AN ENTANGLEMENT

From the pine hill blew harshly down the
dale,
On the right side the youth a wood sur-
vey'd,
With all its dark intensity of shade,
Where the rough wind alone was heard
to move,
In this, the pause of nature and of love,
When' now the young are rear'd, and
when the old,
Lost to the pie grow negligent and cold—
Far to the left he saw the huts of men,
Half hid in mist, that hung upon the
fen,
Before him swallows gathering for the
sea,
Took their short flights and twitter'd on
the lea,
And near the bean-sheaf stood, the harvest
done,
And slowly blacken'd in the sickly sun,
All these were sad in nature, or they took
Sadness from time, the likeness of his
look,
And of his mind—he ponder'd for a while,
Then met his Fanny with a borrow'd
smile

William Wordsworth

The Reverie of
Poor Susan



12

At the corner of Wood Street when day
light appears
Hangs a thrush that sings loud- it has
sung for three years¹
Poor Susan has passed by the spot and
has heard
In the silence of morning the song of the
Bird

'Tis a note of enchantment what ails
her? She sees
A mountain ascending a vision of trees
Bright volumes of vapour through Loth
bury glide
And a river flows on through the vale of
Cheapside

Green pastures she views in the midst of
the dale
Down which she so often has tripped with
her pail

THE REVERIE OF POOR SUSAN

And a single small cottage, a nest like a
dove's,
The one only dwelling on earth that she
loves

She looks, and her heart is 'in heaven'
but they fade,
The mist and the river, the hill and the
shade
The stream will not flow, and the hill will
not rise,
And the colours have all passed away from
her eyes

Expostulation
and Reply

Why William on that old gray stone
Thus for the length of half a day
Why William, sit you thus alone
And dream your time away?

Where are your books?—that light be
queathed
To Beings else forlorn and blind!
Up! up! and drink the spirit breathed,
From dead men to their kind

You look round on your Mother Earth
As if she for no purpose bore you
As if you were her first born birth
And none had lived before you!

One morning thus by Esthwaite lake
When life was sweet I knew not why
To me my good friend Matthew spake
And thus I made reply

EXPOSTULATION AND REPLY

“The eye—it cannot choose but see,
We cannot bid the ear be still,
Our bodies feel, where'er they be
Against, or with our will

“Nor less I deem that there are Powers
Which of themselves our minds impress,
That we can feed this mind of ours
In a wise passiveness

“Think you, 'mid all this mighty sum
Of things for ever speaking,
That nothing of itself will come,
But we must still be seeking?

—“Then ask not wherefore, here, alone,
Conversing as I may,
I sit upon this old gray stone,
And dream my time away”

The Tables Turned

AN EV IN
SC E, ON THE
S ME J CT

Up! up! my Friend and quit your books
Or surely you'll grow double
Up! up! my Friend and clear your looks
Why all this toil and trouble?

The sun above the mountains' head
A freshening lustre mellow
Through 'all the long green fields has
spread
His first sweet evening yellow

Books! 'tis a dull and endless strife
Come hear the woodland linnet
How sweet his music! on my life
There's more of wisdom in it

And hark! how blithe the throstle sings!
He too is no mean preacher
Come forth into the light of things
Let Nature be your teacher

THE TABLES TURNED

She has a world of ready wealth,
Our minds and hearts to bless—
Spontaneous wisdom breathed by health,
Truth breathed by cheerfulness

One impulse from a vernal wood
May teach you more of man,
Of moral evil and of good,
Than all the sages can

Sweet is the lore which Nature brings,
Our meddling intellect
Mis-shapes the beauteous forms of things
—We murder to dissect

Enough of Science and of Art,
Close up those barren leaves
Come forth, and bring with you a heart
That watches and receives

Lines

COMPOS D A EW MILE
W RT E F Y F
EV TI Y K A
TH W DLE A TOL



Five years have pass'd five summers with
the length
Of five long winter¹ and again I hear
These waters rolling from their mountain
springs
With a soft inland murmur¹ Once again
Do I behold the steep and lofty cliff
That on a wild secluded scene impress
Thoughts of more deep seclusion and
connect
The landscape with the quiet of the sky
The day is come when I again repose
Here under this dark sycamore and view
These plots of cottage-ground these orchard tufts

¹ The first is not affected by the substitution
of the other Tenth.

TINTERN ABBEY

Which, at this season, with their unripe
fruits,
Are clad in one green hue, and lose them-
selves
'Mid groves and copses
Once again I see
These hedge-rows, hardly hedge-rows,
little lines
Of sportive wood run wild, these pastoral
farms
Green to the very door, and wreaths of
smoke
Sent up, in silence, from among the trees!
With some uncertain notice, as might
seem,
Of vagrant dwellers in the houseless
woods,
Or of some Hermit's cave, where by his
fire
The Hermit sits alone
Those beautiful forms
Through a long absence have not been
to me
As is a landscape to a blind man's
eye
But oft, in lonely rooms, and 'mid the
din
Of towns and cities, I have owed to
them,
In hours of weariness, sensations sweet,

TINTERN ABBEY

Felt in the blood and felt along the
heart

And passing even into my purer mind
With tranquil restoration —feelings too
Of unremembered pleasure such perhaps
As have no slight or trivial influence
On that best portion of a good man's life
His little nameless unremembered act
Of kindness and of love Nor less I
trust

To them I may have owed another gift
Of aspect more sublime that blessed
mood

In which the burthen of the mystery
In which the heavy and the weary weight
Of all this unintelligible world
Is lightened —that serene and blessed mood
In which the affections gently lead us on —
Until the breath of this corporeal frame
And even the motion of our human blood
Almost suspended we are laid asleep
In body and become a living soul
While with an eye made quiet by the
power

Of harmony and the deep power of joy /
We see into the life of things

If this
Be but a vain belief yet oh! how oft— /
In darkness and amid the many shapes
Of joyless daylight when the fretful stir

TINTERN ABBEY

Unprofitable, and the fever of the world,
Have hung upon the beatings of my
heart—
How oft, in spirit, have I turned to thee,
O sylvan Wye! Thou wanderer through
the woods,
How often has my spirit turned to thee!
And now, with gleams of half-extinguished
thought,
With many recognitions dim and faint,
And somewhat of a sad perplexity,
The picture of the mind revives again
While here I stand, not only with the
sense
Of present pleasure, but with pleasing
thoughts
That in this moment there is life and food
For future years And so I dare to hope,
Though changed, no doubt, from what I
was when first
I came among these hills, when like a
roe
I bounded o'er the mountains, by the sides
Of the deep rivers, and the lonely streams,
Wherever Nature led, more like a man
Flying from something that he dreads,
than one
Who sought the thing he loved For
Nature then
(The coarser pleasures of my boyish days,

TINTERA ABBEY

And their glad animal movements all
gone by)

To me was all in all I cannot print
What then I was The sounding cataract
Haunted me like a passion the tall rock
The mountain and the deep and gloomy
| wood

Their colours and their forms were then
to me

An appetite a feeling and a love
That had no need of a remoter charm
By thought supplied nor any interest
Unborrowed from the eye That time is
past

And all its aching joys are now no more
And all its dizzy raptures Not for this
Funt I nor mourn nor murmur other
gifts

Have followed for such loss I would be
lieve

Abundant recompense For I have learned
To look on Nature not as in the hour
Of thoughtless youth but hearing often
times

The still sad music of humanity)
Not harsh nor grating though of ample
power

To chasten and subdue And I have felt
A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts a sense sublime

TINTERN ABBEY

Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting
suns,

And the round ocean and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man
A motion and a spirit, that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all
thought,

And rolls through all things Therefore
am I still

A lover of the meadows and the woods,
And mountains, and of all that we be-
hold

From this green earth, of all the mighty
world

Of eye and ear, both what they half
create,¹

And what perceive, well pleased to recog-
nize

In Nature and the language of the sense,
The anchor of my purest thoughts, the
nurse,

The guide, the guardian of my heart, and
soul

Of all my moral being
Nor perchance,

¹ This line has a close resemblance to an admir-
able line of Young's, the exact expression of which
I cannot recollect

TINTINN ABBEY

If I were not thus taught should I the
more
Suffer my genial spirits to decay ;
For thou art with me here upon the
banks
Of this fair river thou my dearest Friend
My dear dear Friend and in thy voice, I
catch
The language of my former heart and
read
My former pleasures in the shooting lights
Of thy wild eyes Oh! yet a little while
May I behold in thee what I was once
My dear dear Sister! And this prayer I
make
Knowing that Nature never did betray
The heart that loved her 'tis her privi-
lege
Through all the years of this our life to
lead
From joy to joy for she can so inform
The mind that is within us so impress
With quietness and beauty and so feed,
With lofty thoughts that neither evil
tongues
Rash judgments nor the sneers of selfish
men
Nor greetings where no kindness is nor all
The dreary intercourse of daily life
Shall e'er prevail against us or disturb

TINTERN ABBEY

Our cheerful faith that all which we be-
hold

Is full of blessings Therefore let the
moon

Shine on thee in thy solitary walk,
And let the misty mountain winds be free
To blow against thee and, in after years,
When these wild ecstasies shall be matured
Into a sober pleasure, when thy mind
Shall be a mansion for all lovely forms,
Thy memory be as a dwelling-place
For all sweet sounds and harmonies, oh!
then,

If solitude, or fear, or pain, or grief,
Should be thy portion, with what healing
thoughts

Of tender joy wilt thou remember me,
And these my exhortations! Nor, per-
chance—

If I should be where I no more can hear
Thy voice, nor catch from thy wild eyes
these gleams

Of past existence—wilt thou then forget
That on the banks of this delightful
stream

We stood together, and that I, so long
A worshipper of Nature, hither came,
Unwearied in that service rather say
With warmer love—oh! with far deeper
zeal

TINTERA ABBEY

Of holier love Nor wilt thou then forget
That after many wanderings many years
Of absence these steep woods and lofty
cliffs

And this green pastoral landscape were
to me

More dear both for themselves and for
thy sake

Lines

WRITTEN IN
EARLY SPRING

I heard a thousand blended notes,
While in a grove I sat reclined,
In that sweet mood when pleasant thoughts
Bring sad thoughts to the mind

To her fair works did Nature link
The human soul that through me ran,
And much it grieved my heart to think
What man has made of man

Through primrose tufts, in that green
bower,
The periwinkle trailed its wreaths,
And 't is my faith that every flower
Enjoys the air it breathes

The birds around me hopped and played,
Their thoughts I cannot measure —
But the least motion which they made,
It seemed a thrill of pleasure

EARLY SPRING

The budding twigs spread out their fan
To catch the breezy air
And I must think do all I can
That there was pleasure there
If this belief from heaven be sent
If such be Nature's holy plan,
Have I not reason to lament
What man has made of man?

Lucy Gray;
Or, Solitude

Oft I had heard of Lucy Gray
And, when I crossed the wild,
I chanced to see at break of day,
The solitary child

No mate, no comrade Lucy knew,
She dwelt on a wide moor,
—The sweetest thing that ever grew
Beside a human door!

You yet may spy the fawn at play,
The hare upon the green,
But the sweet face of Lucy Gray
Will never more be seen

“To-night will be a stormy night—
You to the town must go,
And take a lantern, Child, to light
Your mother through the snow ”

“That, Father, will I gladly do!
'Tis scarcely afternoon—
The minster-clock has just struck two,
And yonder is the moon ”

LUCY GRAY OR SOLITUDE

At this the Father raised his hook !
And snapped a faggot band
He plied his work —and Lucy took
The lantern in her hand

Not blither is the mountain roe
With many a wanton stroke
Her feet disperse the powdery snow
That rises up like smoke

The storm came on before its time
She wandered up and down
And many a hill did Lucy climb
But never reached the town

The wretched parents all that night
Went shouting far and wide
But there 'was neither sound nor sight
To serve them for a guide

At daybreak 'on 'a hill they stood
That overlooked the moor
And thence they saw the bridge of wood
A furlong from their door

They wept—and turning homeward cried
In heaven we all shall meet! —
When in the snow the mother spied
The print of Lucy's feet

LUCY GRAY, OR, SOLITUDE

Then downwards from the steep hill's edge
They tracked the footmarks small,
And through the broken hawthorn hedge,
And by the long stone wall

And then an open field they crossed.
The marks were still the same,
They track'd them on, nor ever lost;
And to the bridge they came

They followed from the snowy bank
Those footmarks, one by one,
Into the middle of the plank,
And further there were none!

—Yet some maintain that to this day
She is a living child,
That you may see sweet Lucy Gray,
Upon the lonesome wild

O'er rough and smooth she trips along,
And never looks behind,
And sings a solitary song
That whistles in the wind

Samuel Taylor Coleridge

The Ancient
Mariner

|| PART I

It is an ancient Mariner
And he stoppeth out of three
By thy long grey beard and glittering
eye
Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?

The Bridegroom's doors are opened wide
And I am next of kin
The guests are met the feast is set
May'st hear the merry din "

He holds him with his skinny hand
There was a ship quoth he
Hold off! unhand me grey beard loon!
Eftsoons his hand dropt he

He holds him with his glittering eye—
The Wedding Guest stood still
And listens like a three years child
The Mariner hath his will

THE ANCIENT MARINER

The Wedding-Guest sat on a stone
He cannot choose but hear,
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed Mariner

"The ship was cheered, the harbour cleared,
Merrily did we drop
Below the kirk, below the hill,
Below the lighthouse top

"The Sun came up upon the left,
Out of the sea came he'
And he shone bright, and on the right
Went down into the sea

"Higher and higher every day,
Till over the mast at noon—" . . .
The Wedding-Guest here beat his breast,
For he heard the loud brassoon

The bride hath paced into the hall,
Red as a rose is she,
Nodding their heads before her goes . . .
The merry minstrelsy . . .

The Wedding-Guest he beat his breast, . . .
Yet he cannot choose but hear, . . .
And thus spake on that ancient man, . . .
The bright-eyed Mariner. . .

THE ANCIENT MARINER

And now the storm blast came¹ and he
Was tyrannous and strong¹
He struck with his overtaking wings
And chased us south along

With sloping masts and dipping prow
As who pursued with yell and blow
Still treads the shadow of his foe
And forward bends his head
The ship drove fast loud roared the blast
And southward aye we fled¹

And now there came both mist and snow
And it grew wondrous cold
And ice mast high came floating by¹
As green as emerald

And through the drifts the snowy clifts¹
Did send a dismal sheen
Nor shapes of men nor beasts we ken—
The ice was all between

The ice was here the ice was there
The ice was all around¹
It cracked and growled and roared and
howled
Like noises in a swound!

At length did cross an Albatross¹¹
Thorough the fog it came¹¹

THE ANCIENT MARINER

As if it had been a Christian soul,
We hailed it in God's name

"It ate the food it ne'er had eat,
And round and round it flew
The ice did split with a thunder-fit;
The helmsman steered us through!

"And a good south wind sprung up behind;
The Albatross did follow,
And every day, for food or play,
Came to the mariners' hollo'

"In mist or cloud, on mast or shroud,
It perched for vespers nine,
Whiles all the night, through fog-smoke
white,
Glimmered the white moon-shine "

"God save thee, ancient Mariner!
From the fiends that plague thee thus!—
Why look'st thou so?" "With my cross-
bow
I shot the Albatross,"

PART II

"The Sun now rose upon the right
Out of the sea came he,

THE ANCIENT MARINER

Still hid in mist and on the left '1
Went down into the sea '1

And the good south wind still blew be-
hind '1
But no sweet bird did follow,
Nor any day for food or play '1
Came to the mariners' hillo' '1

And I had done a hellish thing
And it would work em woe
For all averred I had killed the bird
That made the breeze to blow
Ah wretch! said they the bird to slay
That made the breeze to blow! '1

Nor dim nor red like God's own head
The glorious Sun uprist '1
Then all averred I had killed the bird
That brought the fog and mist
Twas right said they such birds to
slay '1
That bring the fog and mist

The fair breeze blew the white foam
flew! '1
The furrow followed free '1
We were the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea '1

THE ANCIENT MARINER

"Down dropt the breeze, the sails dropt
down,

'Twas sad as sad could be,
And we did speak only to break
The silence of the sea!

"All in a hot and copper sky,
The bloody Sun, at noon,
Right up above the mast did stand,
No bigger than the Moon

"Day after day, day after day,
We stuck, nor breath nor motion,
As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean

"Water, water, everywhere,
And all the boards did shrink,
Water, water, everywhere,
Nor any drop to drink

"The very deep did rot O Christ!
That ever this should be!
Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs,
Upon the slimy sea

"About, about, in reel and rout,
The death-fires danced at night,
The water, like a witch's oils,
Burnt green, and blue, and white

THE ANCIENT MARINER

And some in dreams assured were
Of the spirit that plagued us so
Nine fathom deep he had followed us
From the land of mist and snow

'And every tongue through utter drought
Was withered at the root
We could not speak no more than if
We had been choked with soot

Ah! well a-day! what evil looks
Had I from old and young!
Instead of the cross the Albatross
About my neck was hung

|| PART III

There passed a weary time Each throat
Was parched and glazed each eye
A weary time! a weary time!
How glazed each weary eye
When looking westward I beheld
A something in the sky

At first it seemed a little speck
And then it seemed a mist
It moved and moved and took at last/
A certain shape, I wist)

THE ANCIENT MARINER

"A speck, a mist, a shape, I wist!
And still it neared and neared
As if it dodged a water-sprite,
It plunged and tacked and veered

"With throats unslaked, with black lips
baked,
We could nor laugh nor wail,
Through utter drought all dumb we stood!
I bit my arm, I sucked the blood,
And cried, A sail! a sail!

"With throats unslaked, with black lips
baked,
Agape they heard me call
Gramercy! they for joy did grin,
And all at once their breath drew in,
As they were drinking all

"See! see! (I cried) she tacks no more!
Hither to work us weal,
Without a breeze, without a tide,
She steadies with upright keel!

"The western wave was all a-flame;
The day was well-nigh done!
Almost upon the western wave
Rested the broad, bright Sun;
When that strange shape drove suddenly
Betwixt us and the Sun

THE ANCIENT MARINER

And strught the Sun was flecked with
bars
(Heaven's Mother send us grace!)
As if through a dungeon grite he peered
With broad and burning face

Alas! (thought I and my heart beat loud)
How fast she nears and nears!
Are those her sails that glance in the Sun
Like restless gossameres?

Are those her ribs through which the
Sun
Did peer as through a grite?
And is that Woman all her crew?
Is that a Death? and are there two?
Is Death that woman's mate?

Her lips were red her looks were free
Her locks were yellow as gold
Her skin was as white as leprosy
The Nightmare Life in Death was she
Who thicks man's blood with cold

The naked hulk alongside came
And the twain were casting dice
The game is done! I've won I've won!
Quoth she and whistles thrice

THE ANCIENT MARINER

"The Sun's rim dips, the stars rush out,
At one stride comes the dark,
'With far-heard whisper o'er the sea
Off shot the spectre-bark

"We listened and looked sideways up!
Fear at my heart, as at a cup,
My life-blood seemed to sip!
The stars were dim, and thick the night
The steersman's face by his lamp gleamed
white,
From the sails the dew did drip—
Till clomb above the eastern bar
The horned Moon, with one bright star
Within the nether tip

"One after one, by the star-dogged Moon,
Too quick for groan or sigh,
Each turned his face with a ghastly pang,
And cursed me with his eye

"Four times fifty living men,
(And I heard nor sigh nor groan,)
With heavy thump, a lifeless lump,
They dropped down one by one

"The souls did from their bodies fly,—
They fled to bliss or woe!
And every soul, it passed me by,
Like the whizz of my cross-bow!"

THE ANCIENT MARINER

PART IV

I fear thee ancient Mariner!
I fear thy skinny hand!
And thou art long and lank and brown
As is the ribbed sea sand

I fear thee and thy glittering eye
And thy skinny hand so brown —
Fear not fear not thou Wedding Guest!
This body dropt not down

Alone alone all all alone
Alone on a wide wide sea!
And never a saint took pity on
My soul in agony

The many men so beautiful
And they all dead did lie
And a thousand thousand slimy things
Lived on and so did I

I looked upon the rotting sea
And drew my eyes away
I looked upon the rotting deck
And there the dead men lay

I looked to heaven and tried to pray
But or ever a prayer had gusht
A wicked whisper came and made
My heart as dry as dust

THE ANCIENT MARINER

“I closed my lids, and kept them close,
And the balls like pulses beat,
For the sky and the sea, and the sea and
the sky,
Lay like a load on my weary eye,
And the dead were at my feet

“The cold sweat melted from their limbs,
Nor rot nor reek did they
The look with which they looked on me
Had never passed away

“An orphan’s curse would drag to hell
A spirit from on high,
But oh! more horrible than that
Is the curse in a dead man’s eye!
Seven days, seven nights, I saw that curse,
And yet I could not die

“The moving Moon went up the sky,
And nowhere did abide
Softly she was going up,
And a star or two beside—

“Her beams bemoaned the sultry main,
Like April hoar-frost spread,
But where the ship’s huge shadow lay,
The charmed water burnt alway
A still and awful red

THE ANCIENT MARINER

Beyond the shadow of the ship
I watched the water snakes
They moved in tracks of shining white
And when they reared the elfish light
Fell off in hoary flakes

Within the shadow of the ship
I watched their rich attire
Blue glossy green and velvet black
They coiled and swam and every track
Was a flash of golden fire

O happy living things! no tongue
Their beauty might declare
A spring of love gushed from my heart
And I blessed them unaware
Sure my kind saint took pity on me
And I blessed them unaware

The selfsame moment I could pray
And from my neck so free
The Albatross fell off and sank
Like lead into the sea

PART V

Oh sleep! it is a gentle thing
Beloved from pole to pole!
To Mary Queen the praise be given!

THE 'ANCIENT' MARINER

She sent the gentle sleep from Heaven,
That slid into my soul

"The silly buckets on the deck,
That had so long remained,
I dreamt that they were filled with dew,
And when I awoke, it rained

"My lips were wet, my throat was cold,
My garments all were dank,
Sure I had drunken in my dreams,
And still my body drank

"I moved, and could not feel my limbs:
I was so light—almost
I thought that I had died in sleep,
And was a blessed ghost

"And soon I heard a roaring wind
It did not come anear,
But with its sound it shook the sails,
That were so thin and sere

"The upper air burst into life!
And a hundred fire-flags sheen,
To and fro they were hurried about!
And to and fro, and in and out,
The wan stars danced between

THE ANCIENT MARINER

And the coming wind did roar more loud
And the sails did sigh like sedge
And the rain poured down from one black
cloud
The Moon was at its edge

The thick black cloud was cleft and
still
The Moon was at its side
Like waters shot from some high crag
The lightning fell with never a jag
A river steep and wide

The loud wind never reached the ship
Yet now the ship moved on!
Beneath the lightning and the Moon
The dead men gave a groan

They groined they stirred they all up
rose
Nor spake nor moved their eyes
It had been strange even in a dream
To have seen those dead men rise

The helmsman steered the ship moved
on
Yet never a breeze up blew
The mariners all gan work the ropes
Where they were wont to do

THE ANCIENT MARINER

They raised their limbs like lifeless tools—
We were a ghastly crew

“The body of my brother’s son
Stood by me, knee to knee
The body and I pulled at one rope,
But he said nought to me”

“I fear thee, ancient Mariner!”
“Be calm, thou Wedding-Guest!”
’Twas not those souls that fled in pain,
Which to their corpses came again,
But a troop of spirits blest

“For when it dawned—they dropped their
 arms,
And clustered round the mast,
Sweet sounds rose slowly through their
 mouths,
And from their bodies passed

“Around, around, flew each sweet sound,
Then darted to the Sun,
Slowly the sounds came back again,
Now mixed, now one by one

“Sometimes a-dropping from the sky
I heard the sky-lark sing,
Sometimes all little birds that are,

THE ANCIENT MARINER

How they seemed to fill the sea and air
With their sweet jargoning¹

And now 't was like all instruments
Now like a lonely flute¹
And now it is an angel's song
That makes the heavens be mute

It ceased yet still the sails made on¹
A pleasant noise till noon
A noise like of a hidden brook
In the leafy month of June
That to the sleeping woods all night
Singeth a quiet tune

Till noon we quietly sailed on
Yet never a breeze did breathe
Slowly and smoothly went the ship
Moved onward from beneath

Under the keel nine fathom deep
From the land of mist and snow
The spirit slid and it was he
That made the ship to go
The sails at noon left off their tune
And the ship stood still also

The Sun right up above the mast
Had fixed her to the ocean¹
But in a minute she began stir

THE ANCIENT MARINER

With a short uneasy motion—
Backwards and forwards half her length,
With a short uneasy motion

“Then, like a pawing horse let go,
She made a sudden bound
It flung the blood into my head,
And I fell down in a swoond

“How long in that same fit I lay,
I have not to declare,
But ere my living life returned,
I heard, and in my soul discerned
Two voices in the air

“‘Is it he?’ quoth one, ‘Is this the man?’
By him who died on cross,
With his cruel bow he laid full low
The harmless Albatross

“‘The spirit who bideth by himself
In the land of mist and snow,
He loved the bird that loved the man
Who shot him with his bow ’

“The other was a softer voice,
As soft as honey-dew,
Quoth he, ‘The man hath penance done,
And penance more will do ’”

THE ANCIENT MARINER

PART VI

First Voice

But tell me tell me! speak again
Thy soft response renewing—
What makes that ship drive on so fast?
What is the ocean doing?

Second Voice

Still as a slave before his lord
The ocean hath no blast
His great bright eye most silently
Up to the Moon is cast—

If he may I now which way to go
For she guides him smooth or grim
See brother see! how graciously
She looketh down on him

First Voice

But why drives on that ship so fast
Without or wave or wind?

Second Voice

The air is cut away before
And closes from behind

Fly brother fly! more high more high!
Or we shall be belated

THE ANCIENT MARINER

For slow and slow that ship will go,
When the Mariner's trance is abated '

"I woke, and we were sailing on
As in a gentle weather
'Twas night, calm night, the Moon was
 high,
The dead men stood together

"All stood together on the deck,
For a charnel-dungeon fitter
All fixed on me their stony eyes,
That in the Moon did glitter

"The pang, the curse, with which they
 died,
Had never passed away
I could not draw my eyes from theirs,
Nor turn them up to pray

"And now this spell was snapt once
 more
I viewed the ocean green,
And looked far forth, yet little saw
Of what had else been seen—

"Like one that on a lonesome road
Doth walk in fear and dread,
And having once turned round walks on,
And turns no more his head,

THE ANCIENT MARINER

Because he knows a frightful fiend
Doth close behind him tread

But soon there breathed a wind on me
Nor sound nor motion made
Its path was not upon the sea
In ripple or in shade

It raised my hair it fanned my cheek
Like a meadow gale of spring—
It mingled strangely with my fears
Yet it felt like a welcoming

Swiftly, swiftly flew the ship
Yet she sailed softly too
Sweetly sweetly blew the breeze—
On me alone it blew

Oh! dream of joy! is this indeed
The lighthouse top I see?
Is this the hill? is this the kirk?
Is this mine own countree?

We drifted o'er the harbour bar
And I with sobs did pray—
O let me be awake my God!
Or let me sleep alway

4 The harbour bay was clear as glass
So smoothly it was strewn!

THE ANCIENT MARINER

And on the bay the moonlight lay,
And the shadow of the Moon

“The rock shone bright, the kirk no less,
That stands above the rock
The moonlight steeped in silentness
The steady weathercock

“And the bay was white with silent light,
Till, rising from the same,
Full many shapes, that shadows were,
In crimson colours came

“A little distance from the prow
Those crimson shadows were.
I turned my eyes upon the deck—
Oh, Christ! what saw I there!

“Each corse lay flat, lifeless and flat,
And by the holy rood!
A man all light, a seraph-man,
On every corse there stood

“This seraph-band, each waved his hand
It was a heavenly sight!
They stood as signals to the land,
Each one a lovely light,

“This seraph-band, each waved his hand,
No voice did they impart—

THE ANCIENT MARINER

No voice but oh! the silence sank
Like music on my heart

But soon I heard the dash of oars
I heard the Pilot's cheer
My head was turned perforce away
And I saw a boat appear

The Pilot and the Pilot's boy
I heard them coming fast
Dear Lord in Heaven! it was a joy
The dead men could not blast

I saw a third—I heard his voice
It is the Hermit good!
He singeth loud his godly hymns
That he makes in the wood
He'll shrive my soul he'll wash away
The Albatross's blood

PART VII

This Hermit good lives in that wood
Which slopes down to the sea
How loudly his sweet voice he rears!
He loves to talk with mariners
That come from a far countree

He kneels at morn and noon and eve—
He hath a cushion plump

THE ANCIENT MARINER

The boat came close beneath the lip
And straight a sound was heard

Under the water it rumbled on
Still louder and more dread
It reached the ship it split the bay
The ship went down like lead

Stunned by that loud and dreadful sound
Which sky and ocean smote
Like one that hath been seven days
drowned
My body lay afloat
But swift as dreams myself I found
Within the Pilot's boat

Upon the whirl where sank the ship
The boat spun round and round
And all was still save that the hull
Was telling of the sound

I moved my lip —the Pilot shrieked
And fell down in a fit
The holy Hermit raised his eyes
And prayed where he did sit

I took the oars the Pilot's boy
Who now doth crazy go
Laughed loud and long and all the while
His eyes went to and fro

THE ANCIENT MARINER

What loud uproar bursts from that door!
The wedding guests are there
But in the garden bower the bride
And bride maids singing are
And hark the little vesper bell
Which biddeth me to prayer

O Wedding Guest! this soul hath been
Alone on a wide wide sea
So lonely 't was that God himself
Scarce seemed there to be

O sweeter than the marriage feast
'Tis sweeter far to me
To walk together to the kirk
With a goodly company!—

To walk together to the kirk
And all together pray
While each to his great Father bends
Old men and babes and loving friends
And youths and maidens gay!

Farewell farewell! but this I tell
To thee thou Wedding Guest!—
He prayeth well who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast

He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small

Adam Skirving

Johnnie
Cope



Cope sent a challenge frae Dunbar
Charlie meet me an ye daur
And I'll learn you the art o' war
If you'll meet wi' me in the morning

Hey Johnnie Cope! are ye wakening ye?
Or are your drums a beating yet?
If ye were wakening I would wait
To gang to the coals i' the morning

When Charlie looked the letter upon
He drew his sword the scabbard from
Come follow me my merrie men
And we'll meet Johnnie Cope i' the morn-
ing

Hey Johnnie Cope! &c

Now Johnnie be as good as your word
Come let us try baith fire and sword
And dinna flee like a frightened bird
That's chased frae its nest i' the morn-
ing

H v Johnnie Cope! &c

Jane Elliot

The Flowers of the Forest



I ve heard them hiling at the ewe milking
Lasses a hiling before the dawn of day
But now they are moaning on ilka green
loaning

The flowers of the Forest are a wede awa

At bughts in the morning nae blythe lads
are scorning

Lasses are lonely and dowie and wae
Nae daffing nae gabbing but sighing and
sabbing

Ilk one lifts her leggin and hies her awa

In har t at the sheering nae youths now
are jeering

Bandsters are runkled ar J lyrt or grra
At fur or at preching nae wooing nae
fleeching

The flowers of the Forest are a wede awa

At e en in the gloaming nae youngsters
are courting

Bout staks with the lasses at boght to
play

